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MY NATIVE VILLAGE;

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY N. T. CARRINGTON.

Author of "Dartmoor."

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TO

HENRY WOOLLCOMBE, Esq.

PRESIDENT OF THE PLYMOUTH ATHENÆUM,

This Volume,

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY HIS MUCH OBLIGED,

AND GRATEFUL SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

810781

☞ I HAVE not published any new volume since the appearance of "Dartmoor," so many years ago. A severe and protracted illness has prevented me from writing a poem of any length, and if the reader should occasionally perceive traces of languor in the present publication, I trust that he will impute it to the proper cause. I am not, however, without hope, that, though this volume was composed in some of the most distressing circumstances that ever fell to the lot of man, the ingenuous critic will find, in some pages, reason for commendation.

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MY NATIVE VILLAGE.

MY NATIVE VILLAGE.

Touched by the sunlight of the evening hour,
The elm still rises near thy aged tower
Dear, pensive Harewood, and in that rich ray
E'en thy old lichened battlements seem gay:—
Through the bowed windows streams the golden glow,
The beam is sleeping on the tombs below;
While, with its million flowers, yon hedge-row fair
Girts with green zone thy lowly House of Prayer.
No breeze plays with the amber leafage now,
Still is the cypress—still the ivy-bough,
And but for that fleet bird that glances round
Thy spire, or darting o'er the sacred ground

Twitters for very joy, how strange and deep
The silence where the lost—the loved ones sleep!
Beside—there is nor lay, nor voice, nor breath,
A happy, living thing, where all around is—Death.

Dear, pensive HAREWOOD! let no wanton feet
Profane the calmness of thy blessed retreat;
For here dove-eyed Affection seeks relief,
And tastes, unmarked, the luxury of grief.
How* sweet to trace where on those hillocks green
The sacred hand of Piety has been!
Rich hues are mingling with the pleasant grass,
The western gales breathe fragrance when they pass;
The daisy lifts its unassuming head—
The jasmine droops above the honoured dead—
Around the hawthorn flings its rich perfume—
And roses—earliest roses bud and bloom;—
The woodbine clasps the monumental urn,
And oft when Friendship hither hastes to mourn,
She hears the wild bee hum—the wild bird sing,
And all the tenderest melodies of Spring;

While one clear silvery rill that hastes along,
Chaunts in her ear its own sweet undersong.

So should the dead be honoured, so should be
Their last dear resting place by brook and tree;—
So should Affection sprinkle round the tomb
As Spring awakes, the loveliest flowers that bloom.
Sun, shower, and breeze, should quicken,—cherish, here
The freshest, fairest verdure of the year;—
The elm with leaf untouched, with bough unriven,
Lift his majestic trunk, and soar to heaven;—
The oak of nameless age should proudly wave
His hundred hoary arms above the grave;—
While birds of plaintive voice should through the grove
Pour the heart-soothing lay of Pity and of Love!

Tree of the days of old—time-honour'd YEW—
Pride of my boyhood—manhood—age—Adieu!

Broad was thy shadow, mighty one, but now
Sits desolation on thy leafless bough!
That huge, and far-fam'd trunk, scoop'd out by age,
Will break, full soon, beneath the tempest's rage;
Few are the leaves lone sprinkled o'er thy breast,
There's bleakness, blackness, on thy shiver'd crest!
When Spring shall vivify again the earth,
And yon blest vale shall ring with woodland mirth
Morning, noon, eve;—no bird with wanton glee
Shall pour, anew, his poetry from thee;
For thou hast lost thy greenness, and he loves
The verdure and companionship of groves—
Sings where the song is loudest, and the spray,
Fresh, fair, and youthful, dances in the ray!
Nor shall returning Spring, o'er storms and strife
Victorious, e'er recal thee into life!
Yet stand thou there—majestic to the last,
And stoop with grandeur to the conquering blast.
Aye stand thou there—for great in thy decay
Thou wondrous remnant of a far-gone day,

Thy name, thy might, shall wake in rural song,
Bless'd by the old—respected by the young;
While all unknown, uncar'd for,—oak on oak
Of yon tall grove shall feel the woodman's stroke;
One common, early fate awaits them all,
No sympathising eye shall mark their fall;
And beautiful in ruin as they lie
For them shall not be heard one rustic sigh!

One wither'd bough leans o'er an infant's tomb,
Yon simple stone records his early doom!—
Sweet Boy! the winter struck thee, and when Spring
Waved o'er the earth his rainbow-tinted wing,
The sun gave warmth and music to our vale,
And health, we fondly deemed, fill'd every gale;—
In vain! He pined, although his mother smiled
Over a sinking heart, and bless'd her child;
And could not—would not—see that Death was near,
But strong in hope, calm'd every rising fear!
And still, through all to Love and Nature true,
Bore him where flowers in fairest clusters grew,

And loiter'd in the sunny grass, and roved
By the clear rills, and pluck'd the gems he lov'd;—
The primrose that hangs o'er a sunny stream,
The king-cup with its glossy, golden gleam,
And that old favorite—the Daisy—born
By millions in the balmy, vernal morn—
The child's own flower;—and these her gentle hands
Would join, to cheer him, in sweet verdurous bands.
Then he would smile, oh, when that smile would break
A moment o'er his worn, and pallid cheek,
How she would gaze upon her angel-boy!
How in the mother triumph'd, Love—Hope—Joy!
And then the birds would flutter by, and he
Through the calm hour, would watch their motions free;
And when that haunter of green depths—the thrush
Flung his full melody from brake and bush,
'Twas beautiful to mark his mute surprise,
And the quick glances of his fitful eyes.

But harmonies of birds, and lapse of brooks,
And calm and silent hours in sun-touch'd nooks,
And charms of flowers, and happy birds, and trees,
And healthful visitings of vernal breeze
Avail'd not; ceaseless gnaw'd that worm which lies
So ambush'd in our English hearts,—and dies
But with the life it takes. Consumption now
Sat all revealed upon his marble brow,
And, sometimes, as in fierce derision, threw
O'er those fine features an angelic hue—
Quick shifting;—that strange, sudden bloom which glows
As falsely as those colourings of the rose
Which seem so beautiful, and wear so well
Health's purest tint, while in its deepest cell—
Its depths of loveliest foldings, lurks a foe—
A canker that shall lay its splendor low!

He linger'd thus—this Human Blossom—till
The life-gales of the Spring—those airs that fill

Our veins with fresh, young health, had pass'd away
And then "a change came o'er him;" yet he lay
Fixing with unmov'd calm his glassy eye
Intense, upon his mother wandering nigh
His snow-white couch. And she would bend above
Her boy (how quenchless is a mother's love!)
And hope, aye against hope, but soon drew near,
Chasing all doubt, the hour of mortal fear—
He droop'd; and as the Summer-day grew hot
There came a voice of anguish from that cot
Like Rachel's.

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Sacred is the voice of grief,
And tears, that give the heart a sure relief,
Must flow uncheck'd. 'Tis Time alone can bring
Relief, and pluck from Sorrow its keen sting;
And deaden the fierce feelings of the mind,
And shed, at last, the wish and will resign'd.

Years roll'd,—and though within that mourner's door
The tones of gladness never enter'd more,
Yet pensive peace, and meek content were there,
Strong, ardent faith, and solitude, and prayer;
And from her lowly cot, at morn and even
The meekly warbled lay arose to Heaven!

Bard of the village! o'er thy peaceful grave
The bay should brighten, and the laurel wave;—
Thy lyre no more shall charm the sylvan bower
Or soothe the hearth in winter's dreary hour.
Harewood! thy bard's was still the usual lot
Of genius, to be praised—and be forgot;—
To pour to wealth and rank the dulcet strain,
Yet dwell with penury and shrink with pain;—
With Labour still to live from day to day,
And walk with Toil along life's rugged way.
Yet when blest freedom came with accents kind
And brief repose refresh'd his sinking mind,
How many a simple pleasure was his own!
How many a joy to vulgar minds unknown!

For Nature op'd to him—her darling child
The beautiful, the wonderful, the wild,
And he would wander forth where quiet dwells
In the dim depths of woods and forest dells,
Musing the hour away; and where the shades
Grow darker, and the baffled sun-ray fades,
Amid the dark-wove foliage of the grove
He ever had a strange delight to rove.
Yet sometimes, where our loved Devonia yields
The noblest treasures of her southern fields,
He stray'd, and gave to memory loveliest themes
And swept his lyre to hail—The Land of Streams!
Anon the wayward wight would fearless scale
The black-brow'd cliff that overhung the dale,
And careless resting on that mountain throne,
Make the vast wealth of Prospect all his own
With rich appropriation. Far below
Rush'd the loud moorland torrent, dash'd to snow
By the rude rocks, and he would deeply pore
On that mad stream, and listen to its roar

Till haply the bold falcon, sweeping by,
Would scare him from some noon-day phantasy—
Some wild and wondrous fancies that retain
A strange and deep possession of the brain,
Ere Reason reassume her empire there,
And dash the mystic visions into air.

His wanderings and his musings,—hopes and fears,
His keen-felt pleasures, and his heart-wrung tears
Are past;—the grave clos'd on him ere those days
Had come when on the scalp the snow-wreath plays;
He perish'd ere his prime; but they who know
What 'tis to battle with a world of woe,
From youth to elder manhood, feel too well
That grief at last within the deepest cell
Of the poor heart will bring decay, and shake
So fierce the soul—that Care like Age will make
"The grasshopper a burden." Slowly came
The mortal stroke, but to the end the flame

Of Poesy burnt bright. With feeble hand
He touch'd his harp, but not at his command
Came now the rich, old music. Faintly fell
On his pain'd ear the strains he lov'd so well
And then his heart was broken. 'Neath yon sward
Flower-sprinkled now, rests Harewood's peasant bard;
While power and opulence with senseless prate,
And useless pity seem to mourn his fate;
With fulsome epitaph insult his grave,
And eulogize the man they would not save.

The village fane its noble tower uprears,
Safe from the tempests of a thousand years;—
Still in their ancient strength these walls arise,
And brave the rudest shocks of wintry skies!
And see, within—how beautiful!—time-proof,
O'er aisle and nave light springs the embowed roof!
The massive door is open;—let me trace
With reverential awe the solemn place;—

Ah, let me enter, once again, the pew
Where the child nodded as the sermon grew;
Scene of soft slumbers! I remember now
The chiding finger, and the frowning brow
Of stern reprovers, when the ardent June
Flung through the glowing aisles the drowsy noon;
Ah, admonitions vain! a power was there
Which conquer'd e'en the sage, the brave, the fair,—
A sweet oppressive power—a languor deep,
Resistless shedding round delicious sleep!
Till, closed the learned harangue, with solemn look
Arose the chaunter of the sacred book,—
The parish clerk (death-silenced) far-famed then
And justly, for his long and loud—Amen!
Rich was his tone, and his exulting eye
Glanced to the ready choir, enthroned on high,
Nor glanced in vain; the simple-hearted throng
Lifted their voices, and dissolved in song;
Till in one tide deep rolling, full and free
Rung through the echoing pile, old England's
psalmody.

See, halfway down the vale whose vagrant stream
Rolls its bright waters, oft the poet's theme,
True to the call of his own village bells—
Sweet call to him, the village* pastor dwells.
Shepherd of Harewood, peace has blessed thy days,
A calm, half century of prayer and praise;—
The snows of time are on thy honour'd head
Yet—is thy step not weak—thy vigour fled;—
Not yet those snows that on thy temples lie
Have dimmed the fires that sparkle in thy eye!
Clear are the tones of that persuasive voice
Which bids the sinner fear, the saint rejoice;—
How oft to wake the unrepentant, falls
The burst of eloquence around these walls!—
How, thronging deep, the listening crowd admire
That eye of lightning, and that lip of fire!
Hang on the cheering truths that sweetly flow,
Warm with the theme, and share the holy glow,

* "One to whom solitude and peace were given,
Calm village silence and the hope of heaven."

List that love-breathing voice at morn or even
And wake the hymn that lifts the soul to heaven.

My native village, thou hast still the power
To charm me, as in boyhood's far-gone hour!
Years have flown on—"chance, change" have passed
o'er me
Since last I gambolled on thy peaceful lea;—
Years have flown on—and from the oft-trod brow
Of the old hill, I gaze upon thee now;—
And tearful mark each scene, so known, so true,
The very picture which my memory drew.
Ah, Harewood, early doomed from thee to roam,
The sketch was fair which Fancy formed of HOME!
Care—absence—distance—as to thee I turned
But fed the Local Fire which inly burned;
And Hope oft whispered that, all perils past,
In thy dear bosom I should rest at last.

Whence is this wondrous sympathy that draws
Our souls to HOME by its mysterious laws

Where'er we wander; and with stronger love
Sways the touched heart, more distant as we rove?
Ask of the soldier who, in climes afar,
Stands undismayed amid the ranks of war;—
Who, with unfaltering foot where thousands fall,
Advancing gives his bosom to the ball;—
Or with a passive courage nobler still,
Undaunted bears of strife the every ill;—
Unmurmuring suffers all that man may bear,
Firm to sustain, and resolute to dare!—
Ask of him what has nerved his arm in fight,
And cheered his soul in visions of the night;—
That mid the deep, dark gloom—the tempest's wrath,
Oft flung a ray of comfort on his path!
'Twas the sweet wish once more to view the strand
Far—far away—his own, blest, native land;—
To live again where first he drew his breath,
And sleep, at last, with those he loved—in Death!
Dear Home, whereever seated,—placed on high
Some cot amid the mountains where the cry

Of the king-eagle mingles with the gale,
And the storm shrieks that never scares the vale;—
Or found in dells where glows the southern ray,
Flowers bloom, birds sing, and fragrant zephyrs play;—
Dear Home, whereever seated—loveliest, best
Of all on earth to him—his hope, his rest,
'Twas thy resistless influence that gave
Hope in the field, and comfort on the wave;—
'Twas *that* which, doomed an exile yet to be,
Attracts my soul, sweet village, thus to thee!

Yes, ye are fair as ever,—field and wood,
And cots that gem the calm, green solitude,
And harvests ripening in the golden gleam,
And flowers, rich fringing all yon wayward stream.
The village play-ground lifts its age-worn trees,
And flings young voices on the evening breeze;—
The rill which flow'd of old yet freshly flows,
The lake yet spreads in beautiful repose;—

There waves the very grove whose walks among
I oft have strayed to hear the blackbird's song,
Long may the wild bird that sweet refuge know;—
Cursed be the axe that lays its foliage low;—
Long, blessed as now with minstrelsy and flowers,
Rise, Harewood, rise, among thy blushing bowers;—
And as yon stream, its moorland journey past,
Glides smoothly through the unechoing vales at last,
So, spent with toil, in Life's tumultuous day,
A pilgrim fainting from his rugged way,
Sweet on thy peaceful bosom let me rest,
Like a tired bird in its own quiet nest;
And find (how exquisite to find it) there
Life's stormy noon crowned with a sunset fair.

NOTE.

* page 6, line 9.

How sweet to trace where on those hillocks green
The sacred hand of Piety has been!

"Sweet" indeed! This custom of ornamenting with flowers, &c. the graves of the deceased, is still to be found in Wales, in Switzerland, and in several parts of France. It is a beautiful—an interesting—a holy custom! What truly can be more touching than to behold one friend bending over the grave of another, sprinkling seeds, or inserting lovely plants in the enamelled turf? But such heart-stirring scenes are almost unknown in England!

THE TWINS OF LAMERTON.*

'Twas pleasant to behold them—side by side
Sunk in soft slumber, with their arms enlaced
Around each other's ivory neck—a smile
Playing upon the angel cheek, as swam
Delicious fancies through the brain—young joys
Renewed in golden dreams; while now and then
The snow-white coverlid, by Love's dear hand

* For an historical sketch quaintly but beautifully written, of these really remarkable brethren, read Prince's Worthies of Devon.

"In the parish church of Lamerton," writes the same author, "is a noble memorial erected, not only to these two brothers, but to several others of them, whose images are there lively represented."

There were eight sons and eight daughters in this family, of whom six were twins.

Spread o'er them carefully, was flung aside
By a fair, graceful foot, disclosing half
The form of a young Hercules. How sweet,
How beautiful in rest, the seraph pair
To all who marked them thus; but, oh, to her—
The mother that bent over them—how full
Of Heaven the raptured gaze! And then the morn
When, sleep's light visions flown, upon her ear
Broke their first, welcome voices, and her lip
Revelled on theirs, insatiate! The earth
Through all her millions, such another twain
Possessed not—one in feature, and unknown
Apart, but that affection on the arm
Of the dear younger playfully entwined
An azure chaplet. Nor alone in form,
In stature, lineaments, wore they the same
Perplexing, undistinguishable semblance,—*one*
In soul they lived;—a sympathy divine
Mixed in their wondrous being, and they loved,
Disliked, feared, hated, languished, as at once

That common spirit swayed. E'en distance had
'Tis said, no power to part them, for they felt—
Asunder and remote, the self same moods—
Felt mutual hopes, joys, fears,—and ever held
Invisible communion!

Thus they grew
To their strange manhood; for they rose to man
Unchanged in mien, and oft perplexing still
The charmed beholder,—baffling e'en the glance
Parental:—thus they grew, and inly moved
By the mysterious feeling which had swayed
Their infancy. Twin roses were they, nursed
"From bud to beauty," by the summer gale
And summer sun. Alas that fate should blight
Those flowers—the ornament, delight, love, hope,
Of their fair, native bower!

But fiercely swept
The unexpected gale! The storm of Life

Burst loud and terribly, as calmly flew
The love-winged moments of the sacred band
Of brethren, and of sisters, who looked on,
And, wondering, gazed to ecstacy. Their home
Was as a quiet nest embosomed deep
In woods of some soft valley where the hand
Of plunderer comes not, and the sudden gale
But seldom shrieks, and silence kindly spreads
O'er all her downy wing.

Loud blew the blast
Of war, and shook the nations. France unrolled
Her lilied flag, and England in the breeze
Waved her dread lion banner. Then the cot,
The palace, sent its children forth, to fall
By thousands, at Ambition's startling voice,
And man his brother man infuriate met
In the death grapple;—shedding oft his blood
Unmarked, in battle fields, that but to few
Give e'en the dear-bought recompence to live
In stories of the future!

From the arms
Of sweet affection—from the dear caress—
The agonizing and enduring clasp
Of home's beloved circle—forth they came
The inseparable brethren, soon to prove
Far other scenes than in the rural shade
Had blessed their rare existence. Soon, amid
The shock of conflict—side by side, they stood,
That matchless pair—the beautiful, the brave—
Winning all hearts: and, as the two of old,
"Lovely and pleasant in their lives," they were
In death not separated, for they met
(So it should be) one common fate, and sank
Together to a soldier's grave!

THE MARTYR STUDENT.

O what a noble heart was here undone,
When science' self destroyed her favorite son!
Yes! she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,—
She sowed the seeds, but Death has reaped the fruit.

BYRON.

List not Ambition's call, for she has lured
To Death her tens of thousands, and her voice
Though sweet as the old syren's, is as false!
Won by her blandishments, the warrior seeks
The battle-field where red Destruction waves
O'er the wild plain his banner, trampling down
The dying and the dead! On Ocean's wave
Braving the storm—the dark lee-shore—the fight—
The seaman follows her, to fall—at last

In Victory's gory arms! To Learning's sons
She promises the proud degree—the praise
Of academic senates, and a name
That Fame on her imperishable scroll
Shall deeply 'grave. O, there *was* one who heard
Her fatal promptings—whom the Muses mourn
And Genius yet deplores! In studious cell
Immured, he trimmed his solitary lamp,
And morn, unmarked, upon his pallid cheek
Oft flung her ray, ere yet the sunken eye
Reluctant closed, and Sleep around his couch
Strewed her despised poppies. Day with night
Mingled, insensibly, and night with day;—
In loveliest change the seasons came—and passed—
Spring woke, and in her beautiful blue sky
Wandered the lark,—the merry birds beneath
Poured their sweet woodland poetry,—the streams
Sent up their eloquent voices;—all was joy
And in the breeze was life. Then Summer gemmed
The sward with flowers, as thickly strewn as seem

In heaven the countless clustering stars. By day
The grateful peasant poured his song,—by night
The nightingale;—he heeded not the lay
Divine of earth or sky—the voice of streams—
Sunshine and shadow—and the rich blue sky;—
Nor gales of fragrance and of life that cheer
The aching brow, relume the drooping eye
And fire the languid pulse. One stern pursuit—
One giant-passion mastered all—and Death
Smiled inly as Consumption at his nod
Poisoned the springs of life, and flushed the cheek
With roses that bloom only o'er the grave;
And in that eye, which once so mildly beamed,
Kindled unnatural fires!

Yet hope sustained
His sinking soul, and to the high reward
Of sleepless nights and watchful days—and scorn
Of pleasure, and the stern contempt of ease,
Pointed exultingly. But Death, who loves

To blast Hope's fairest visions, and to dash
In unsuspected hour, the cup of bliss
From man's impatient lip—with horrid glance
Marked the young victim, as with fluttering step
And beating heart, and cheek with treacherous bloom
Suffused, he pressed where Science oped the gates
Of her high temple.

There beneath the guise
Of Learning's proud professor, sat enthroned
The tyrant—DEATH;—and as around the brow
Of that ill-fated votary, he wreathed
The crown of Victory—silently he twined
The cypress with the laurel:—at his foot
Perished the "MARTYR STUDENT."

DOMESTIC LOVE.

O BEAUTIFUL it is to see around
The hearth domestic,—parents, children, met
In sweet and holiest friendship. Hour on hour
Tranquilly flowing—o'er the stream of Time
They glide delighted;—lip, and heart, and hand
United; or if haply aught of strife
Breathe on the gentle current of their days,
'Tis as the zephyr comes on summer seas,
Rippling—not roughening to a wave—and gone
Almost as soon as felt. The Earth has not
Among her scanty pleasures, bliss like this
So pure—so exquisite; nor has that Earth
Amid her infinite of ills, a state
More wretched and debasing than the Hell
Of hate domestic.

THE HELLWEATHERS.

"Sir Cloudesly Shovel's ship, the Association, struck upon the Gilstone off Scilly, with so much violence, that in about two minutes the vessel went down and every soul on board but one perished. This man saved himself on a piece of timber, which floated to a rock called the Hellweathers, where he was compelled to remain some days before he could receive any assistance. Besides the Association, the Eagle of 70, and the Romney of 50 guns, perished with all their crews. The Firebrand fire ship was also lost, but most of her crew were saved. Many persons of rank and about 2,000 seamen perished on this occasion."

Drew's History of Cornwall.

THE blue wave roll'd away before the breeze
Of evening, and that gallant fleet was seen
Darting across the waters; ship on ship
Following in eager rivalry, for home
Lay on the welcome lee. The sun went down
Amid a thousand glorious hues that lived

But in his presence; and the giant clouds
Moved on in beauty and in power before
The day-god's burning throne. But soon was o'er
The pomp celestial, and the gold-fringed cloud
Grew dark and darker, and the Elysian tints
Evanished—swift; the clear bright azure changed
To blackness, and with twilight came the shriek
Of the pursuing winds. Anon on high
Seen dimly through the shadowy eve, the Chief
Threw out the wary* signal, and they paused
Awhile upon the deep. Again they gave
Their sails to the fresh gale—again the surge
Swept foaming by, and every daring prow
Pointed to England;—England! that should greet
With her green hills, and long lost vales, their eyes
On the sweet morrow. Beautiful is morn,
But, oh, how beautiful the morn that breaks
On the returning wanderer, doomed no more

* A few hours before the ship struck, Sir Cloudesly Shovel hove out the signal to lie to, in order to ascertain the situation of the fleet.

To live on fancy's visions of that spot
Beyond all others loved;—that very spot
Now rising from the broad, blue waters, dear
To him as heaven.

With fatal speed they flew
Through the wide-parting foam. Again the deck
Sloped to the billow, and the groaning mast
Bent to the rising gale; yet on that night
The voice of the loud ocean rose to them
In music, for the winds that hurried by
So fierce and swift, but heralded the way
To the loved island strand. The jaws of death
Were round them, and they knew it not until
(How oft the hapless seaman's knell) burst wild
The everlasting cry of waves and rocks
From stern Cornubia's isles. Alas to them—
The lost, there blazed no friendly Pharos fire—
No star gleamed from the heaven—the sailor heard
The roar of the huge cliff, and on his brow

Fell the cold dew of horror. On they came—
These gallant barks, fate-driven—on they came
Borne on the wings of the wild wind to rush
In darkness on the black and bellowing reef
Where human help avails not. There they struck
And sank;—the hopes, the fears, the wishes all
Of myriads o'er at once. Each fated ship
One moment sat in all her pride, and pomp,
And beauty, on the main;—the next she plunged
Into the "hell" of waves, and from her deck
Thrilled the loud death-scream—stifled as it rose
By the dark sea;—one shriek—one blow—the grave.

And all was silent—save the startling voice
Of the Atlantic, rising from that shore
In anger ever! Terribly its surge
Closed o'er them; and they perished in that gulf
Where the dead lie innumerous, and the depths
Are rife with monstrous shapes, and rest is none
Amid the infuriate war of waters hurled

In endless, horrible commotion. Heard
Alone, amid the pausings of the gale
Was one faint human wail. Where thousands sank
One rode the vengeful wave preserved to be,
As seemed, the sport of the mad billows: now
Upflung upon the mountain ridges—now
Swift sinking to abysses vast that yawned
Almost to Ocean's bed. Yet life fled not,
Nor hope, though in the tempest's giant coil
He gasped for breath, and often writhed beneath
The suffocating waters!

Morning came
In vain, though on the island rock the sea
Had flung the hapless mariner. Around
Howled the remorseless surge; above, the cloud
Swept, terror-winged;—the lightning o'er the day
Shed an unnatural glare, and near him broke
The thunder with its peal of doom. No aid
Came through the long, long day, yet on the cliffs

Floated the cheering signal;—from the strand
Came voices animating—men were there
Impatient as the bounding greyhound held
Within the straining leash—a gallant band
Nursed in the western storm, familiar long
With danger, and with—death, but might not brave
The monster, now. And thus the victim hung
Upon eternity's dread verge, and gazed
Appalled upon its gulf; then backwards shrunk
Convulsively to life, and hope renewed
Unfroze his blood, and o'er his features threw
A light that could not last. For evening came,
And the great sun descended to the main,
While oft the beautiful, beloved orb
The seaman watched, and sighed to see it sink
Beneath the wave; but as the twilight grew
Deeper and deeper, and the darkness closed
Upon him, and the hungry howling surge
Was heard below, loud clamouring for its prey
He wept—the lone man wept!

Again it came,
The unchanged, unchanging morning, rising wild
Upon a joyless world; yet did his eye
Glisten to see the dawn, though it awoke
In tempest; and that day flew by, and night
Once more fell on him, and another morn
Broke, and the sufferer lived! The hand of death
Was on him, yet delayed the fatal grasp;
And round the agonizing victim looked,
But succour came not! On the rugged rock
Crashed the torn wreck in thunder, and the sea
Disgorged the dead—within the black recoil
Of waters dashed the dead; and on the brave,
The loved, he gazed, and at his side Despair
Now sat, and pointed to the abyss!—

* * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * *

A shout
Comes from the cliffs—a shout of joy! Awake,

Thou lonely one from death's fast coming sleep!
Arise, the strand is thronging with brave men—
A thousand eyes are on thee, and a bark
Bursts o'er the breaching foam! The shifting cloud
Flies westward, and away the storm, repelled
Reluctant sails; the winds have backward flung
The billows of the Atlantic! See,—they come,—
They come—a dauntless island band—and now
A cheer is heard—and hark the dash of oars
Among the reefs! His eye with instant hope
Brightens, and all the ebbing tides of life
Rush with returning vigour! Now the spray
Flies o'er the advancing pinnace, for the wave
Though half subdued, is mighty; yet her prow
Victorious parts the surges,—nearer roll
The cheers of that bold crew—the welcome sounds
Thrill on his ear—the deepening plunge of oars
Foams round the desert rock—'tis won, 'tis won!
And —he is *saved!*

CHILDE THE HUNTER.

Few roam the heath, e'en when the sun—
The golden sun is high;
And the leaping, laughing streams are bright,
And the lark is in the sky.

But when upon the ancient hills
Descends the giant cloud,
And the lightning leaps from Tor to Tor,
And the thunder peal is loud:—

Heaven aid that hapless traveller then
Who o'er the WILD may stray
For bitter is the moorland storm,
And Man is far away.

Yet blithe the highland hunter leaves
His cot at early morn,
And on the ear of Winter pours
The music of his horn:—

The eye of highland hunter sees
No terrors in the cloud;
His heart quakes not at the lightning flash,
Nor the thunder long and loud!

Yet oft the shuddering peasant tells
Of him, in days of yore
Who in the sudden snow-storm fell—
The Nimrod of the moor!

And when the Christmas tale goes round
By many a peat fireside,
The children list, and shrink to hear
How Childe of Plymstoke died!

The lord of manors fair and broad—
Of gentle blood was he—
Who loved full well the mountain chace
And mountain liberty.

Slow broke the cheerless morn—the cloud
Wreathed every moorland hill;
And the thousand brooks that cheered the heath
In sunny hours were still.

For Winter's wizard hand had checked
Their all rejoicing haste;
And flung a fearful silence o'er
The solitary waste.

When Childe resolved with hound and horn,
To range the forest wide;
And seek the noble red-deer where
The Plym's dark waters glide.

Of sportsmen brave who hunted then
The leader bold was he,
And full in the teeth of the dread north wind
He led that company.

They roused the red-deer from his lair,
Where those dark waters glide;—
And swifter than the gale he fled
Across the forest wide.

With cheer and with shout, the jovial rout
The old Tor hurried by;—
And they startled the morn, with the merry horn,
And the staunch hound's echoing cry!

The moorland eagle left his cliff—
The hawk soared far away—
And with that shout and cheer they scared
The raven from his prey.

They followed through the rock-strewed glen;—
They plunged through the river's bed:—
And scaled the hill-top where the Tor
Uplifts his hoary head.

But gallantly that noble deer
Defies the eager throng,
And still through wood, and brake, and fen
He leads the chace along.

Now through the flashing stream he darts
The wave aside he flings;—
Now o'er the cataract's bright arch
With fearless leap he springs!

And many a chasm yawning wide
With a desperate bound he clears;—
Anon like a shadow he glances by
The rock of six thousand years!

But now swift sailing on the wind
The bursting cloud drew near;
And there were sounds upon the gale
Might fill the heart with fear!

And, one by one, as fast the clouds
The face of heaven deform,
Desert the chace, and wisely shun
The onset of the storm.

And some there were who deemed they heard
Strange voices in the blast;—
And some—that on the shudd'ring view
A form mysterious passed;—

Who rode a shadowy courser, that
A mortal steed might seem,—
But left no hoof-mark on the ground,
No foam upon the stream!

'Twas fancy all;—yet from his side,
The jovial crew are gone;
And Childe across the darkening heath
Pursues his way—alone.

He threaded many a mazy bog—
He dashed through many a stream;—
But spent—bewildered—checked his steed,
At evening's latest gleam.

For far and wide the highland lay
One pathless waste of snow;—
He paused!—the angry heaven above,
The faithless bog below.

He paused!—and soon through all his veins
Life's current feebly ran;
And—heavily—a mortal sleep
Came o'er the dying man:—

The dying man—yet Love of Life
In this his hour of need,
Upraised the master's hand to spill
The heart-blood of his steed!

And on the ensanguined snow that steed
Soon stretched his noble form;—
A shelter from the biting blast—
A bulwark to the storm:—

In vain—for swift the bleak wind piled
The snow-drift round the corse;
And Death his victim struck within
The* disembowell'd horse.

Yet one dear wish—one tender thought
Came o'er that hunter brave;—
To sleep at last in hallowed ground,
And find a Christian grave—

And ere he breathed his latest sigh
And day's last gleam was spent,
He with unfaltering finger wrote
His bloody Testament.†

† The fyrst that fyndes & brings me to my grave,
The lands of Plymstoke he shal have.

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* "A Tradition has existed in the moor, that John Childe, of Plymstock, a gentleman of large possessions, and a great hunter, whilst enjoying that amusement during an inclement season, was benighted, lost his way, and perished through cold, near Fox Tor, in the south quarter of the moor; after taking the precaution to kill his horse, and, for the sake of warmth, to creep into its belly, leaving a paper denoting that whoever should bury his body, should have his lands at Plymstock.

"These circumstances coming to the knowledge of the

monks of Tavistock, they eagerly seized the body, and were conveying it to that place, but learning on the way, that some people of Plymstock were waiting at a ford to intercept the prey, they cunningly ordered a bridge to be built, out of the usual track, thence pertinently called Guile Bridge, and succeeding in their object, became possessed of, and enjoyed the lands until the dissolution, when the Russel family received a grant of them, and it still retains them."

In memory of Childe, a tomb was erected to him in a plain, a little below Fox Tor, which was standing about 15 years since, when a Mr. Windeatt, having received a new "take" or allotment, in which the tomb was included, *nearly destroyed it, by appropriating some of the stones for building, and door steps! !* Its form is correctly preserved in one of the etchings belonging to the poem, "Dartmoor." The whole, when perfect, wore an antique and impressive appearance.

THE CAPTIVE LARK.

In the spring of 1825, I had passed a night of agony, but about four in the morning, the pain became less severe, and sitting up in bed, I beheld the first glorious rays of the sun darting along the fronts of the houses, and at the same moment, the lay of one of the finest larks I ever heard, burst on my ear. I knew his voice well—he was a songster indeed—an old favorite—the property of a cobler, "*a bird fancier,*" who sits like a tyrant in the midst of scores of imprisoned melodists. A pencil was at hand, and I wrote the following lines:—

MINSTREL—the city still is wrapp'd in sleep,
But through its noiseless streets the level beam
Of morn is stealing, and thy wakeful eye
Has mark'd the welcome radiance. One faint ray
Of light is on thy cage, and has inspir'd
That strain—the sweetest which I ever heard

From *captive* lyrist. Though my hours, to-night,
Have pass'd in pain, and this delicious morn
Rises upon a sleepless couch, I hear
Thy voice, refresh'd, thou blessed bird, and dwell
Upon thy heavenly tones that have the power
To soothe e'en agony. Thy goaler wakes
Haply, to list them too, but lay like thine
Should never roll its music on the ear
Of him, who stole thee from thy native fields,—
Of him, a wretched plunderer, whose heart
Soft pity never touch'd, and whose dull eye
Ne'er sparkled with a tear!

So let the beam
Brighten the silent street, and zephyr fan
Thy mottled plumes, and o'er thee bend the sky
Of deep and beautiful azure—sing not thou
To thy remorseless tyrant—break not thus
His slumbers with a burst as fresh and frank,
As free-wing'd minstrels pour. Ah, still the strain

Of music flows—the sleeping city rings
With heavenly melodies. There is so much
Of inspiration in that beam of morn—
There is so much of freshness in its breeze—
And such a deep—a quenchless love of song
In thy young heart, that thou canst not be mute;
Thy soul is thrill'd—thy wings are shivering wild
With ecstacy;—thy neck is upward stretch'd,
Ruffled with keen desire;—thine eye is fix'd
On the loft heaven;—yet louder, sweeter, comes
The lay;—then bless thee, bird, sing on, and be
For ever happy—thus!

TO A PRIMROSE,

PRESENTED TO ME BY A FRIEND, JANUARY, 1829.

Sweet herald of the ever-gentle Spring,
How gently waved o'er thee the winter's wing!
Around thee blew the warm Favonian gale,
Devonia nursed thee in her loveliest vale,
Beneath she rolled the Plym's pellucid stream,
And Heaven diffused around its quickening beam!
But, ah! the sun, the shower, the zephyr bland,
Made thee but fair to tempt the spoiler's hand!
I cannot bear thee to thy bank again,
And bathe thy breast in soft refreshing rain;
Nor bid the gentle zephyr round thee play,
Nor raptured eye thee basking in the ray;

But snapped, untimely, from thy velvet stem,
Be thou my daily care, my "bonnie gem;"
And when thus severed from thy native glade,
The radiance of thy cinque-rayed star shall fade,
And pale decay come creeping o'er thy bloom,
A sigh, dear flower, shall mourn thy early doom.

THE GAMESTER.

Loud howled the winter storm,—athwart the sky
Rushed the big clouds,—the midnight gale was high;
O'er the proud city sprang th' avenging flash,
And tower and temple trembled to the crash
Of the great thunder-peal. Again the light
Swift tore the dark veil from the brow of night;—
And, ere the far chased darkness, closing round
As the flame vanished, fell still more profound,
Again the near-heard tempest, wild and dread,
Spake in a voice that might awake the dead!
Yet while the lightning burned—the thunder roared—
And even Virtue trembled—and adored—

Alone was heard within the gamester's hell
The gamester's curse—the oath—the frantic yell!
Fixed to one spot—intense—the burning eye
Marked not the flash—saw but the changeful die!—
And, deaf to heaven's high peal,—one demon vice
Possessed their souls—TRIUMPHANT AVARICE!
Loud howled the winter storm:—night wore away
Too slow, and thousands watched, and wished for day;
And there was one poor, lonely, lovely thing,
Who sat and shuddered as the wild gale's wing
Rushed by—all mournfully. Her children slept
As the poor mourner gazed—and sighed—and wept!
Why sits that anguish on her faded brow?
Why droops her eye?—Ah, Florio, where art thou?
Flown are thy hours of dear domestic bliss—
The fond embrace—the husband's—father's—kiss—
Blessed tranquil hours to Love and Virtue given,
Delicious joys that made thy home—a heaven!
Flown—and for ever;—love—fame—virtue—sold
For lucre—for the sordid thirst of gold;—

The craving, burning wish that will not rest,
The vulture-passion of the human breast—
The thirst for that which—granted or denied—
Still leaves—still leaves—the soul unsatisfied;
Just as the wave of Tantalus flows by,
Cheating the lip and mocking the fond eye!

Yet oft arrayed in all their genuine truth,
Rose the sweet visions of his early youth;—
More bright—more beautiful those visions rise,
As cares increase, on our regretful eyes;
And when the storms of life infuriate roll,
Unnerve the arm, and shake th' impassive soul,
Then Memory, always garrulous, will tell
The glowing story of our youth too well;
And scenes will rise upon the pensive view,
Which Memory's pencil will pourtray too true!
Thus when Repentance warmed his aching breast,
He turned him, tearful, to those scenes so blessed
And fresh they came,—a dear, departed throng
Of joys that wrung the heart, by contrast strong;—

Lost, loved delights that forced the frequent sigh,
And chilled the life-blood while they charmed the eye!
Could he forget when first—O thrilling hour!
He wooed his Julia in her native bower?
Forget?—the tender walk—the gate—the cot—
The impassioned vow,—ah, could they be forgot?
Sweet noons—sweet eves—when all—below—above,
Was rapture—and the hours were winged by love!
But chief one dear remembrance—one more bright
Than all, though cherished, rushed upon his sight—
The morn that—blushing in her virgin charms,
Gave the wronged Julia to his eager arms!—
Ah, wronged—for though Remorse full deeply stung
His bosom, to the damning vice he clung;
And she, poor victim, had not power to stay
The wanderer on his wild and desperate way;—
While round her, ever, sternly—fiercely—sweep
Views of the future,—gloomy—dark—and deep!
Prophetic glances!—he has left again
His sacred home, to seek the gamester's den!—

Ah, aptly termed a hell, for oft Despair
And Suicide, twin brothers, revel there!
Awake, infatuate youth, for Death is nigh
Guides the dread card, and shakes the fateful die!
Awake, ere yet the monster lay thee low,
All that thou lovest perish in that blow!
The strong temptation—firmly—nobly—spurn:
Home—children—wife—may yet be thine;—return
To virtue and be happy;—but, 'tis o'er—
Stripped of his all—he may return no more!
Ruined he stands,—the tempter plies his part—
As the head reels, and sinks the bursting heart!
With fell Despair his glaring eyeballs roll,
And all the demon fires his maddened soul;
The bullet speeds—upon the blood-stained floor
He lies—and PLAY has one pale victim more!

MYSTERIOUS PROVIDENCE.

A SWORD—

The sword of Damocles hangs o'er the head
For ever of the flower-wreathed boy that gives
His hours to pomp and pleasure. Nor alone
The air-hung weapon threatens in its fall
The cheek of wantonness and pampered pride,
There is a blow that comes—we know not why
Mysterious—sudden—on the wondering GOOD—
The just who in his singleness of soul
And love of virtue, fill'd his noiseless hour
With unreproved, calm and temperate bliss,

And feared not—conscience proof! Restrain thy
love
Of earth, and earthly joys, and still walk through
This mortal vale as one prepared to meet
Submissively the worst. As with a rein
Hold in thy warm affections;—let them not
Too closely twine around thy yielding soul
Lest thine heart break when suddenly are torn
Sweet human ties away. But most suspect
Joy at the overflow, for woe is near
Full oft when on the soft, luxurious cup
Trembles the tempting drop.

THE DRUIDS.

WRITTEN ON THE BORDERS OF DARTMOOR, 1826.

How beautifully hangs
The leaf of the old wood above the rocks
That strew the moorland border. Every bough
Is grasped by the devouring moss, and Time,
Age after age, has thinned the verdurous locks
Of the hoar foresters;—the scalp is bare
Of many a noble oak, but from the glance
Intense, of summer, there is shelter yet,
And the red deer amid the temperate shade
Delights to stray;—the while a gentle brook,
That from an inexhaustless moorland fount

Descends, is music to his ear. The beam
Which struggles through the amber leafage, plays
Fitfully on the pleasant grass, and holds
Divided empire with the grateful gloom
All the long, listless day. And in the glades—
The rich sunlighted glades that lie around,
Like islands in this leafy ocean, rise,
Of every hue, sweet flowers, that bud and bloom
And die by thousands; scarcely seen or blessed
Save by some wanderer who comes to gaze
On Nature's holiest sanctuaries, where
The wind, the shower, the sun delight to shed
Their influences all divine, amid
The everlasting, silent sabbath held
On moor and mountain.

In yon vale, a stream
Is singing to the birds—the answering birds
That in the underforest safely build
Their innocent, quiet homes. E'en now their lays

Full-hearted roll, and in the sunshine grow
Louder and louder:—chief the speckled thrush—
First, best musician of the thicket—he
Who loves the hawthorn, and from that sweet bower
Of fragrance and of beauty flings his note
Upon the morning gale, is heard above
The feathered myriads. But not always thus
Came on the ravished ear the mingled strains
Of stream and bird:—

The unhallowed hymn arose
E'en from this very spot (so legends say)
To Jupiter.* The oak that nobly stood

* The fairest and tallest oak which the forest could produce, was the symbol of Jupiter, and when properly consecrated and prepared, became his actual representative.

Sometimes their sacred groves were fenced in with rude palisades, and at other times the hill was inclosed with a mound of earth to mark the limits of consecration, to awe the profane, and to prevent all intrusion on their sacred mysteries. Within the precincts of this enclosure, every tree was sprinkled with human blood.

Lovely in age, sole monarch of the grove,
Was his, and on the mighty stem, inscribed
In mystic characters, the Druid fixed
His name tremendous. On the sacred trees
That rose, as these now rise, in all their strength
And loveliness, his hands polluted flung
A baptism unholy;—aye that priest
Sprinkled upon the beautiful foliage—blood!—
And Time has not yet flung to earth the rude
Romantic altar, where he ruthless shed
Life's purple current to appease the gods
Revengeful! Still the awful circle stands
Majestic—venerable—time-worn—hung

But beside the sacrifice of beasts, which was common to the Druids, they had a custom, which in point of cruelty and detestation surpasses all that we have hitherto surveyed. This consisted in the offering of human victims at the polluted shrines of their imaginary gods. At these altars their enemies were sacrificed, and their friends were offered. Sometimes the vigorous youth and comely virgin were immolated on these sanguinary altars, and sometimes the smiling infant was carried from the bosom of its mother to the flames, which terminated its life.

With wreaths of the gloss'd ivy, drooping on
In fanciful festoons from stone to stone ;
And waving in the melancholy breeze
That moans through the lone moorland. Pale, depressed
Trembling, beneath yon giant pillars passed,
Haply, the Druid's victims. Not unmoved
I tread where erst, fierce darting to the skies,
Quivered the flame of the dread Moloch, gorged
With blood e'en to the full. O here the fair,
The brave—the mother and her spotless babe—
The maid, blooming in vain,—the wise, the good,
Felon and captive—age and shuddering youth,
In one vile holocaust, to fancied gods
Poured out their souls in fire; amid the blast†

* While they were performing these horrid rites, the drums and trumpets sounded without intermission, that the cries of the miserable victims might not be heard, or distinguished by their friends; it being accounted very ominous if the lamentations of either children or parents were distinctly heard while the victim was burning.

Drew's History of Cornwall.

Which the loud trumpet flung—the deafening clash
Of cymbal—and the frantic, frenzied yell
Of an infuriate priesthood, drowning deep
In one infernal burst of sounds, the shriek
Of suffering humanity!

ON SEEING A FINE FRIGATE AT ANCHOR

IN A BAY OF MOUNT EDGCUMBE.

"She walk'd the waters like a thing of life
And seem'd to dare the elements to strife."

Is she not beautiful? "reposing there
"On her own shadow,"* with her white wings furled;
Moveless, as in the sleepy sunny air,
Rests the meek swan in her own quiet world.

* An expression of Mr. Canning's, after his return from an excursion in Hamoaze.

Is she not beautiful? her graceful bow
  Triumphant rising o'er the enamoured tides
That, glittering in the noon-day sunbeam, now
  Just leap and die along her polished sides.

And on the stern magnificent, recline
  Old forms that many a classic eye regale;
From fair and fabled lands, and streams divine,
  The sculptor's hand pourtrays a classic tale.

There is nor voice nor murmur on the land;
  Still fiercer glows the ray on tower and tree;
There is nor surge nor ripple on the strand,
  And not an air is stealing o'er the sea.

A thousand eyes are on her; for she floats
  Confessed a queen upon the subject main;
And hark! as from her decks delicious notes
  Breathe, softly breathe, a soul-entrancing strain.

Music upon the waters! far more sweet
On the thrilled ear the liquid accents fall,
Than in our inland fields the senses greet,
Or wake from lip and lute, in bower and hall.

Music upon the waters! pouring soft,
From shore to shore along the charmed wave;
The seaman's dreariest toils beguiling oft,
And kindling high the ardour of the brave.

Yet, wafted by the morning's favouring breeze,
Far from that slumbering flood and leaf-hung bay,
That matchless bark upon the faithless seas
Shall wend her wild and solitary way.

There, haply tempest-borne, far other sounds
Than those shall tremble thro' her quivering form;
And as from surge to mightier surge she bounds,
Shall swell, toned infinite, the midnight storm!

In vain! she spurns the ignoble calm, and loves
To front the tempest in his gathering hour;
Waked as to life, the fleet-winged wonder roves
Where loudest lift the winds a voice of power!

Then go, deceitful beauty! Bathe thy breast
For ever where the mountain billows foam,
Even as thou wilt.—This hour of peace and rest
Is not for thee.—THE OCEAN IS THY HOME!

ISABEL IN HER GARDEN.

It is a morn of spring, and she has left
Her couch at dawn, and now amid the flowers
Delighted wanders. Thus should ever wake
Young Beauty, and adorn her laughing cheek
With vermeil hues; for health is in the breeze,
And life. The azure eye of Isabel
Sparkles with new-born fires; her lip has caught
The ruby's deepest tint; and as her form—
Her sylph-like form, is seen sweet gliding there
Amid the bud—the bloom of that fair world
Which May has quickened round her, earth holds
not
A lovelier vision.

She has stooped to kiss
The rose, and o'er the queen-flower now she bends
In ecstasy; and see her ivory hand
Wanders between its buds, but with a touch
Gentle as that of the bland spring-breeze. Then
Her eye roams o'er that paradise of hues,
That world of loveliest forms assembled there;
And with a sweet uncertainty she strays
Among them, charmed with all, and listening oft
To the musicians of the woods—the birds—
Pouring their first, best lays, the while the breeze
Is playing with her radiant locks.

THE HOLIDAY.

Let it not be supposed that the author of these lines is inimical to occasional Holidays. He has had too few intervals, himself, of leisure, and of rest from the incessant demands of Labour, not to wish more of these for others. On the day of the public festival to which this piece refers, he saw myriads of his fellow-beings, happy and smiling under the influence of a Midsummer sun, and he was delighted;—reflections, however, on the mutability of all sublunary enjoyment would force themselves:—

Pass some few years, and all this human stream
Which now, deep, full, and strong, impetuous flows
Along the crowded street, shall pour itself
By thousand channels, silent, unperceived,
Into the Ocean of Eternity! Awake,

Arouse thee,—be thou young and gay,
And beautiful as Hebe, or as rich
As the famed Lydian;—thou shalt disappear
With this now living torrent, and thy course
Through Life shall be as difficult to trace
As the cloud-track in heaven! Thy race, thy name,
Thy very memory shall die, for they
Who shall come after thee will never scare
The dreams of pleasure with those thoughts austere
That dwell upon the dead!

The city still
Shall swarm with life when thou and thy compeers
Are lost to human vision. Still the trump
Of vain ambition will be sounded;—soft
Will breathe the lyre of luxury, as now,
Luring its multitudes;—and wealth will wake
Desires intense;—and men will still exchange
Their souls for gain;—and vice will have its shrines
In the "high places" of the faithless earth;—

And toil and care, and stern Adversity
Destroy their thousands, and Prosperity
Its tens of thousands!

But my mind has stray'd
In a most fitful mood, to muse on things
Mysterious, and severe on day like this
So bright and cheerful. O thou boundless sky,
And sun, that art the glory of that sky,
And thou all worthy of them—thou great sea,
And ye magnificent woods, and mighty cliffs
Rushing to heaven, ye fields and woods and streams,
Let me look on, and love you;—beautiful things
And vast;—for ye have power to bless the soul
Contemplative, that ponders on your charms
Divine; the while the angel Hope shall dart
A ray upon the distance, and dispel
Each dark foreboding! Let me gaze on you,
And drink delight.—I cannot long be sad
When ye are near—and smiling!

ON THE DEATH OF JULIA S——.

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* Safe from the thousand throes of pain,
Ere sin or sorrow breath'd a stain,
Upon thine opening rose.

ALARIC A. WATTS.

FAREWELL! Oh! I have seen the magic beam
Of Julia's eye its lovely lightning play;
But never more shall that all-powerful stream
Of liquid lustre dart its conq'ring ray.

For o'er that eye has crept the mortal sleep,
And paleness o'er the cheek's transparent bloom;
Ah, Lady, there are eyes will wake and weep,
While thou art slumb'ring in the dreamless tomb.

* Poetical Sketches, 4th edition.

Sweet maid, whom living, ev'n Envy's breath
Acknowledged fair as her that Zeuxis drew;
Who can look on thee, beautiful in death,
And, Julia, without anguish, say—Adieu?

THE PIXIES OF DEVON.

The enthusiast gaz'd, like one bewildered
And breathless with immortal visitings,—
He sat in chill delight; nor stirr'd his head,
Lest all should pass away like shadowy things:
Now would his eye be dazed with the wings
Of spangled fay, hovering o'er blossoms white;—
And now he listen'd to lone thrilling strings
Of magic lutes—and saw the harebell, bright
In its blue veins, for there nestled a form of light.

Romance of Youth.

They are* flown,

Beautiful fictions! Hills, and vales, and woods,

Mountains and moors of Devon, ye have lost

The enchantments, the delights, the visions all—

The elfin visions that so blessed the sight

In the old days, romantic. Nought is heard
Now, in the leafy world, but *earthly* strains—
Sounds, yet most sweet, of breeze, and bird, and brook,
And waterfall; the day is voiceless else,
And night is strangely mute!—the hymnings high,
The immortal music men of ancient times
Heard ravished oft, are flown! O ye have lost,
Mountains, and moors, and meads, the radiant throngs,
That dwelt in your green solitudes, and filled
The air, the fields, with beauty and with joy
Intense;—with a rich mystery that awed
The mind, and flung around a thousand hearths
Divinest tales, that through the enchanted year
Found passionate listeners!

The very streams
Brightened with visitings of these so sweet
Etherial creatures! They were seen to rise

From the charmed waters which still brighter grew
As the pomp passed to land, until the eye
Scarce bore the unearthly glory. Where they trod
Young flowers, but not of this world's growth, arose,
And fragrance, as of amaranthine bowers
Floated upon the breeze. And mortal eyes
Looked on their revels all the luscious night;
And, unreproved, upon their ravishing forms
Gazed, wistfully, as in the dance they moved
Voluptuous, to the thrilling touch of harp
Elysian!

And by gifted eyes were seen
Wonders—in the still air,—and beings bright
And beautiful—more beautiful than throng
Fancy's ecstatic regions, peopled now
The sunbeam, and now rode upon the gale
Of the sweet summer-noon.—Anon they touched
The earth's delighted bosom, and the glades
Seemed greener, fairer,—and the enraptured woods

Gave a glad, leafy murmur,—and the rills
Leaped in the ray for joy; and all the birds
Threw into the intoxicating air their songs
All soul.—The very archings of the grove,
Clad in cathedral gloom from age to age,
Lightened with living splendours; and the flowers
Tinged with new hues, and lovelier, upsprung
By millions in the grass, that rustled now
To gales of Araby!

The seasons came
In bloom or blight, in glory or in shade,
The shower or sunbeam fell or glanced as pleased
Those potent elves. They steered the giant cloud
Through heaven at will, and with the meteor flash
Came down in death or sport; aye, when the storm
Shook the old woods, they rode, on rainbow wings
The tempest, and, anon, they reined its rage
In its fierce, mid career. But ye have flown,
Beautiful fictions of our fathers!—flown

Before the wand of Science, and the hearths
Of Devon, as lags the disenchanted year,
Are passionless and silent!

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* The age of pixies, like that of chivalry, is gone. There is, perhaps, at present, scarcely a house where they are reputed to visit. Even the fields and lanes which they formerly frequented seem to be nearly forsaken. Their music is rarely heard; and they appear to have forgotten to attend to their ancient midnight dance.

Drew's Cornwall.

*LYDFORD BRIDGE.

Stream of the mountain! never did the ray
Of the high summer pierce the gloom profound
Whence rise the startling and eternal sounds
Of thy mad, tortured waters! Beautiful
Are all thy sister streams—most beautiful—
And rill and river lift their sweet tones all
Rejoicing; but for thee has horror shaped
A bed, and cursed the spot with cries that awe

* For the incident upon which this poem is founded, the reader is referred to "Warner's Walk in the Western Counties."

The soul of him who listens! From the brink
The traveller hies, and meditates, aghast,
How e'en when winter tenfold horrors flung
Around the gulf, a fellow being—here—
Through darkness plunged to death!

His fate is still
Fresh in the memory of the aged swain,
And in the upland cottages the tale
Is told with deep emotion; for the morn
Of life rose o'er that suicide in rich
And lovely promise, as the vernal day
O'er nature oft; though thus it closed, abrupt
As the shades drop upon Ausonian fields
When rains the black volcano! Hapless youth!
The dæmon that in every age has won
Millions of souls—won thine. If GAMING hold
On high her fascinating lure, let man
Beware;—to conquer is to flee. He heard
Who perished here,—he heard the tempter's tale

Bewitching; and from PLAY'S short dream awoke
To misery. Swift through the burning brain
Shot the dread purpose, and remorse and shame
Heated his blood to madness. Should he dare
The world's dread sneer, and be a loathed mark
For its unsparing finger?—rather rush
To death and to forgetfulness;—thus breathed
The lying fiend. In vain that fatal night
Raged the loud winter storm,—the victim fled
From friends and Home. The lightning o'er his path
Flashed horribly—the thunder pealed—the winds
Mournfully blew; yet still his desperate course
He held; and fierce he urged his gallant steed
For many a mile. The torrent lifted high
Its voice,—he plunged not yet into the breast
Of the dark waters! By the cliff he passed
He sprang not from it—gloomier scenes than these
And death more terrible, his spirit sought—
The caverns of the Lyd!

Why seeks the man
A-weary of the world to quit it thus?—
To leap through horrors to the vast unknown,
And haste to dread eternity by ways
That make the heart-blood of the living chill
To think on?—To the destined goal he swept
With eye unflinching, and with soul unawed,
Through the wild night; by precipice and peak
Tremendous,—over bank, and bridge, and ford—
Breasted the torrent—climbed the treacherous brink—
Scaled the rock-crested hill, and burst anon
Into the valley, where a thousand streams,
Born of the mountain storm, with arrowy speed
Shot madly by. His spirit scorned them all—
Those dangers and those sounds—for he was strong
To suffer; and one master aim possessed
With an unnatural and resistless power,
That lost, lost victim!—On he sternly plunged
Amid the mighty tumult;—o'er his brow

Quicker and brighter streamed the lightning;—loud
And louder spoke the thunder; still, unnerved,
He pressed his steed—the frightful gulf,* at last,
Was won,—the river foamed above the dead!

* The scenery round Lydford is singularly picturesque and romantic; but the most prominent objects of curiosity and admiration are, the *Bridge* and two Cascades. The former bears great analogy, in situation and character, to the celebrated Devil's Bridge in Wales. It consists of one rude arch, thrown across a narrow rocky chasm, which sinks nearly eighty feet from the level of the road. At the bottom of this channel the small river Lyd is heard rattling through its contracted course. The singularity of this scene is not perceived in merely passing over the bridge: to appreciate its character, and comprehend its awfully impressive effects, it is necessary to see the bridge, the chasm, and the roaring water, from different projecting crags which impend over the river. A little distance below the bridge, the fissure gradually spreads its rocky jaws; the bottom opens; and instead of the dark precipices which have hitherto overhung and obscured the struggling river, it now emerges into day, and rolls its murmuring current through a winding valley, confined within magnificent banks, darkened with woods, which swell into bold promontories, or fall back into sweeping recesses, till they are lost to the eye in distance. Thickly shaded by trees, which shoot out from the sides of the rent, the scene at Lydford bridge is not so terrific as it would have been, had a little more light been let in upon the abyss, just sufficient to produce a *darkness visible*. As it is, however, the

chasm cannot be regarded without shuddering; nor will the stoutest heart meditate unappalled upon the dreadful anecdotes connected with the spot.

Among many stories connected with this spot, it is related, that a London rider was benighted on this road, in a heavy storm, and, wishing to get to some place of shelter, spurred his horse forward with more than common speed. The tempest had been tremendous during the night; and in the morning the rider was informed that Lydford Bridge had been swept away with the current. He shuddered to reflect on his narrow escape; his horse having cleared the chasm by a great sudden leap in the middle of his course, though the occasion of his making it was at the time unknown.

Two or three persons have chosen this spot for self-destruction; and in a moment of desperation, have dashed themselves from the bridge into the murky chasm. The scene is in itself highly terrific; and with these awful associations, has an extraordinary effect on the feelings. About half a mile south of the bridge is the first *Cascade*, formed by the waters of a small rivulet, which rises on the moors in the neighbourhood; and at this spot unites with the Lyd. The fall is not very considerable in its usual quantity of water; but, like most mountain streams, is greatly augmented by storms, when a large sheet rushes over a rocky ledge, and throws itself down a perpendicular precipice of above one hundred feet. But though the cascade is a pleasing and interesting part of the scene, this single feature is almost lost in contemplating the whole of the portrait.

Beauties of England and Wales.

*CHRISTMAS MORN.

"Cæperat ille, futura ruens in tempora, vates
VIRGO concipiet! VIRGO natum paritura."

THE midnight is as bright as day!
On earth flames wide a stranger ray!
And yet no meteor wanders nigh—
No moon floats through Judea's sky!—
But there is on the face of night
A mellow, pure, and holy light;

* It has been mentioned to me, that this piece has a remarkable similarity to one on the same subject by Pulci. I can only say that my piece was inserted in the Telegraph paper, two years before that exquisite production of Mr. Croly appeared.

Each moment, holier, purer, flowing
But with a tender radiance glowing;
And on the shepherds' startled view
Are forms of glory breaking through
Those floods of splendour;—throng in throng
Uplifting a triumphant song!
Ne'er flow'd such strains on earthly gale,
O'er breezy hill, or listening vale,
Before; nor shall such sounds again
Break on the raptur'd ear of man,
Till, rising to his native sky,
He put on Immortality.

It came—that glorious embassy
To hail the INCARNATE MYSTERY!
For this awoke that glorious hymn
From glowing lips of Seraphim!
For this—adown the radiant sky,
From bowers of bliss—from worlds on high,

Appeared, upborne on wings of fire,
That seraph host—that angel choir.

For this, too, flam'd o'er Bethlehem,
The brightest in night's diadem,
That mystic star whose pilot ray
Illum'd the magi's doubtful way;
Bright wanderer through the fields of air,
Which led the enquiring sages where,
Cradled within a worthless manger,
Slept on that morn the immortal stranger.

He might have come in regal pomp,
With pealing of Archangel trump,—
An angel blast as loud and dread
As that which shall awake the dead;
His lightning might have scar'd the night,
Streaming insufferable light;
His thunder, deep'ning, peal on peal,
Have made earth to her centre reel,

Deep voices such as shook with fear,
At Sinai's base, the favor'd seer;
The wing of whirlwind might have borne him;
The trampling earthquake gone before him:—
He might have come—that Holy One,
With millions round his awful throne,
Countless as are the sands that lie
On burning plains of Araby,
And, arm'd for vengeance, who could stand
Before each conq'ring red right hand.

He came not thus, no earthquake shock
Shiver'd the everlasting rock;
No trumpet blast, nor thunder peal,
Made earth through all her regions reel;
And but for the mysterious voicing
Of that unearthly choir rejoicing;
And but for that strange herald gem,
The star which burn'd o'er Bethlehem,

The shepherds, on his natal morn,
Had known not that the God was born.
There were no terrors, for the song
Of peace rose from the seraph throng;
On wings of love he came,—to save,
To pluck pale terror from the grave,
And, on the blood-stain'd Calvary,
He won for Man the victory!

THE LAKE.

JUNE has charm'd
The winds to rest—the broad, blue waters sleep
Profound from bank to bank; or if an air
Have leave, a moment, wantonly to bend
The graceful lily sitting on her throne
Of moist, lush leaves, the lovely shadow waves
In tremulous response below, and then
The Lake is strangely still again. The eye
Delights to look into those glossy depths
And glance, refresh'd, from flower to flower that blooms

Anew, in shadowy glory, ere the breeze
Destroy its brief, bright life. The very trees,
Deliciously deceptive, fling abroad
Aye, leaf for leaf, their greenness. E'en the bee
That buzzes round the woodbine has his dark
But clear-seen image; and anon floats near
The gem-wing'd butterfly. The bird which skims
The tides of air, seems, in the impassive flood
Again to sport; and every cloud that sails
Slowly through heaven, has motion, colour, shape,
In that fair, liquid world. Laburnum showers
Profuse her golden blossoms; and the vine
Her full, frank clusters that but wait the breath
Of August, to put on the glorious tint
Of Amethyst; and, proud, the tulip shows
His gorgeous dyes—scarlet—and gold—and black—
The gayest flower the silver waters hold
But not so dear—ah no—not half so dear
To the fond eye as many that unfold

Their simpler beauties there. The queen-rose reigns
Supreme,—as ever;—in that mirror still
As in the rich and breathing world above,
Fairest among the fair.

VISIONS OF MEMORY.

——youthful hours rise up within the mind
Like lovely dreams some sudden chance has brought
To fill the eyes with long forgotten tears.

L. E. L.

WITHIN her bower, sun-proof—of jasmine twined
By the wild, wandering honeysuckle, sits
One who has stray'd from cloister gloom to taste
The breath of June—the young and fragrant June,
And soothe her gentle spirit with the view
Of Nature; in the month of flowers and love.
Of Love!—alas—she came not there a slave
To passion;—youth's fond, feverish dreams were o'er

And were forgotten—no—the early blight
Of our young loves may never be forgot!
There will, uncall'd, float visions on the eye—
There will, full oft, be yearnings of the heart—
There will, again, be strange and burning tears—
The early wept, the loved, the lost, will rise
Upon the tortur'd memory;—and though Time
Softening the past, may half subdue those throes
And stifle those fierce strugglings, and disperse
Or rob of half their vividness, the dreams
Of hours long flown; yet Nature will awake,
Touch'd by some secret sympathy, again—
Soul-withering thoughts and forms that should have slept
For ever.

Aye for ever!—why rest not
Deep in the heart's dark tomb those dreams that haunt
Our shuddering memory, thus? Within her bower

She bends—that lovely one—but from her eye
Flits an unnatural glance, and o'er the mind
Tempestuous moods are passing. What has stirr'd
That calm and placid spirit—and at once
So fearfully. The simplest sight or sound
Allied to far-gone scenes, has thus the power
To raise up recollections that will gloom
Our sunniest hours.—The aspect of a tree—
A stream—the stillness of a summer lake
Soft mirroring the flowers upon its brink
As now;—the beauty of an evening sky
All glory ting'd;—the sameness of a voice
Which floats on that sweet evening air—the lay
Of bird well known, and loved—such strains as
bless'd
Perchance her youth in some dear spot, far off,—
Each—all—in strange communion aptly join'd
And sudden seen, have on that spirit thrown
An instant desolation, to be cheer'd
Not e'en by Hope.

THE SAILOR'S FATE.

A peasant, in pursuing some sheep which had wandered from their accustomed pasturage, discovered, in the middle of the naked solitude (Dartmoor) that stretches from Lydford nearly twenty miles in a south-eastern direction, the body of a sailor, much emaciated, and in such a state as gave reason to think he had been lying on the spot five or six weeks. His countenance, however, was serene, and his posture composed; a small bundle of linen supported his head, and the remains of a faithful dog lay at his feet.

Warner's Walk through the Western Counties.

He perish'd on the moor! The pitying swain
Found him outstretch'd upon the wide, wild plain;
There lay the wanderer by the quiv'ring bog,
And, at his foot, his patient, faithful dog.

Thrice gallant brute! that through the weary day
Shared all the perils of the lonely way,
Faced the fierce storm, and, by his master's side,
In the cold midnight, laid him down and died!
Thrice gallant brute! to thee the local bard
Shall sweep his lyre, fidelity's reward;
Thy fate shall wake the frequent sigh, and Fame,
At least in moorland annals, grave thy name!

Was it for this (so Fancy sings) the Tar
Consumed his vigorous youth in climes afar,
And nobly dared, in danger's every form,
The ocean battle and the ocean storm;
Undaunted stood where on the blood-red wave
The death-shot peal'd among the English brave;
Or scaled the slipp'ry yard, where, poised on high,
As the dread lightning burn'd along the sky,
He fearless hung, though, yielding to the blast,
Beneath him groan'd the rent and trembling mast?

Ah! haply fired by home's enchanting name,
From tropic shores the enthusiast sailor came;
To the fleet gales his bounding vessel gave,
And reach'd, at last, the fresh, wild, western wave;
Till, soon descried, upon the eager view
Dark from the surge the old Bolerium grew:
Then, as he heard the shoreward billows roll,
High glow'd the local fire within his soul;
And now he raptured cried, "All dangers o'er,
My native land! we meet to part no more."
While England, England on the foam-swept lee
Uprose, proud peering o'er the subject sea,
Disclosed at once to him her matchless charms,
And woo'd the wearied exile to her arms.

Where the swift Torridge, Tamar's sister, flows
Through northern fields, perhaps his cot arose;
And stout of heart, and strong of foot, he pass'd
With rapid course along the lessening waste.

'Twas a wild path, by e'en the peasant shunn'd
But then his beckoning Canaan lay beyond.
Already, fancy-fired, he saw each scene
Well known and loved—the church, the village-green—
Saw the hills sweetly rise, his native dells
Soft sink, and heard the music of the bells—
Delightful melodies, that still engage
The love of youth and joy the heart of age.
Illusions all! down rush'd the moorland night;
He met the mountain tempest in its might.
No guide to point the way, no friend to cheer;
Gloom on his path, the fateful snow-storm near!
Alone!—ah, when the ocean conflict grew
More loud, more fierce, and swift the death-shot flew
Or round his bark the infuriate billows raged,
'Twas *sympathy* that all his toils assuaged;
With dauntless hearts, with friends and comrades dear
He shared the danger, and he smiled at fear.

But now—man far away—an exile poor,
He wander'd cheerless on the untrodden moor!
Swift from the cloud the arrowy lightning flash'd,
Fierce o'er the waste the impetuous waters dash'd,
Deep was the howl of torrents; and when broke,
Drowning the torrent's voice, the thunder-stroke,
Wide horror reign'd: again the deathful flash
Hiss'd on his track—again the mighty crash
Startled, but conquer'd not, the brave! He stood
Amid the storm, in that great solitude,
With all a seaman's high, enduring soul,
Eyed the keen fires, and heard the fate-peal roll;
And though the warring elements had power
To crush him in that dark and trying hour,
They shook not that true spirit firm and fast,
Which sways a British seaman to the last!

He perish'd on the moor! No shelt'ring grave
Oped for the hapless hero of the wave;

Till, rescued from the winter gale's dread wing,
Waked the lone desert at the touch of Spring.
Then feet came o'er the wild;—by hill and rock
Sought the rude swain the wanderers of his flock.
There on the silent waste the victim lay,
The sport of winds through many a brumal day!
And, rough though highland swain, a generous sigh
Burst at the lot of poor mortality:
So cold, so pale, so shrunk that manly brow,
That lip so mute, that eye so rayless now;
That livid form which seem'd so rudely cast
From man, and whitening in the boreal blast!
He saw and felt, and, mourning at the doom
Of the poor stranger, bore him to his tomb
In the lone moorland church-yard:—yet no stone
Records his name—his home, his race, unknown;
And nought remains of him in village lore
But this sad truth—*He perish'd on the moor!*

TO A FRIEND,

ON HIS APPROACHING VOYAGE TO PISA.

And now for Italy—
Beautiful Italy. The loud sea-wave,
That in the deep and stormy winter rose
In all its mightiness against thy bark,
Sleeps; for the tyrant winds have heard the voice—
The soft, subduing voice of Spring. Gracefully
Green England wears her leaf: the choral lay
Thou lov'st so well is in her groves—the lark
Is in her checquer'd sky;—in vain to thee
Her foliage, flowers, and songs. With heedless step
The sailor, on his rough warm errand comes

To summon thee and thine—those little ones
That nestle round thy heart, and her* who pines,
E'en in our genial Devon. Fare thee well.
May thine be fav'ring heavens; and if the winds
Should kiss the wave too roughly, swift as flies
The shaft from the strain'd bow, O may thy bark
Bear thee to Friendship's arms!

* My friend's spouse.

THE DESTRUCTION OF TAVISTOCK ABBEY.

Ethelred, by a policy incident to weak princes, embraced the cruel resolution of putting all the Danes to the sword. This plot was carried on with such secrecy that it was executed in one day, and all the Danes in England were destroyed without mercy, * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

But while the English were yet congratulating each other upon their late deliverance; Sweyn, king of Denmark, appeared off the western coasts, meditating slaughter, and furious with revenge.

History of England.

Music, and banqueting, and songs that breathe
Of blood, and garlands, and victorious wreaths,
And flowers that nod o'er flush'd, exulting brows,
And dances all-voluptuous! When will break,

Ere yet too late, upon the startled ear
The voice of Reason, and the frenzied isle
Start from her dream of pleasure! Kiss not thus
The maddening cup, nor through the dizzy day
Let merry England bid her festive bells,
Their peals of loud congratulation fling
Upon the wanton winds. Those very gales
Which bear the tones of triumph and of joy
From tower to tower, throughout the mirthful land—
Those blessed airs of Summer which caress
The flaunting holiday streamer—even now
Are dallying with the dark, dread raven flag
And wafting on the thousand sails that float
Above the fierce invader!

Lo, they come
Mad with revenge—the warriors of the North,
Chiding those silken gales that all too soft
Play with the western seas! Ah, if they flew
Swift on the hurricano's lightning wing,

'Twould be too slow for the vindictive thought
They dart to England's shores:—e'en tempest-borne
Their barks would seem to languish on their course
And slumber on the surge. They come—they come—
Darkening the ocean as they press around
The terrible Bolerium!

Be thy heart
As firm, as cruel, ETHELRED! The soul
Of the she-wolf* that bore thee should inspire
To deeds of fearful daring! Let the arm
That in the writhing victim plung'd the knife,
Be iron-nerv'd:—there is no safety now
In cowardice—the murderer should be brave!
Thou hast not look'd on blood with smiling eye
To shrink when blood's avenger to the field
Summons thee, timid one! Thy cheek is pale—

* Elfrida.

Thine arm is powerless—thy soul is faint,—
But thus it is,—the cruel seldom wield
A brave man's sword; and he who smites the weak,
Strikes in the dark, and tramples on the foe
Defenceless, ever felt the withering touch
Of palsying Fear, and faulter'd in the hour
Of daylight and of danger! * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * *

Fling on high
Thy banner, proud Danmonium—fling on high
In thy own genial breeze the flag that erst
Was ever foremost in the fiery van
Of battle-fields. Thy sons of old were brave
And, inch by inch, fought freedom's quarrel out
With the fierce Saxon, when all England cower'd
Save thee, beneath his sword. Awake, arise,
The raefan's beak is wet with blood of thine,—
The infant's scream, and woman's piercing shriek
Ascends to heaven,—thy thousand lovely streams,
Land of the river and the rill, are tinged

With the heart's purple current! Vain the call,
The ruthless banner of the invader waves
Triumphant o'er thy ever verdant fields,
And myrtle bowers. Nor Honour's sacred voice,
Nor scorn of slavery, nor love of Home,
Revenge for slaughter'd brothers, sons, the shriek
Of violated woman, nor that cry
Which should to frenzy rouse a *coward's* soul—
The cry of *tortur'd infancy, recals
From flight the fear-struck Briton!

Heaven is mute!
And yet the step of the destroyer falls
Around its holy altars! Hark, the shout,

*"Nothing can be more dreadful than the manner in which these fierce barbarians carried on their incursions;—they spared neither age nor sex, and each commander urged the soldiers to inhumanity. One of their celebrated chieftains, named Oliver, gained, from his dislike to the favorite amusement of his soldiers(that of tossing children on the point of their spears) the contemptuous surname of *Barnakal* or 'The preserver of children.'"

The curse of the barbarian rises near
Thine abbey, Tavistock; and where the lay
Of praise swell'd sweetly, and the still, small voice
Of prayer ascended to the Highest, loud
Is heard the bold blasphemer! Heaven is mute!

The Pagan triumphs! See from base to roof
Dart the quick fires;—along the sainted walls
Roll the vast flame-sheets bellowing through the wide
And trophied aisles,—or, streaming far away
Into the red and glowing air, loud burst
The windows, rainbow-hued, through which the sun
Once loved to pour his tenderest floods of light,
Tinging the marble floor with dyes that vied
With his own clouds—at eve! The altars fall—
The beautiful altars whence a thousand gems
Sent up their odoriferous breath. The shrines,
The statues, sculpture's proudest boast, in wild
And hideous confusion crash around!

E'en the bless'd virgin mother, imaged fair,
Despoil'd of her sweet ornament,—despoil'd
Of her gold blazon'd robe, and jewell'd crown,
The hope, the joy, the wonder of the age,
Sinks on the blacken'd earth. No hand can save,
Dread is the roar of desolation—wide
The ruin—high the spiral fires ascend
As 'twere exultant: now uprushing swift
To the hot skies, now billowy, bending o'er
The sinking temple, till in one vast crash
As totter the huge columns, to the ground
One black, dense, smouldering mass, thy abbey sinks—
Thy glorious abbey, *Ordulph!

* Son of Orgar, Duke of Devon. He founded this abbey in 961. "The magnificent building, however," writes Prince, "had scarce stood 30 years, ere the cruel Danes arrived in the mouth of Tamar, and coming hither, (all things sacred and profane being to them alike) soon consumed this monastery to the ground. Yet at length it again revived, and flourished in greater beauty and lustre than before."

WOMAN.

That man is stern of heart, and purpose, born
For deserts, and by nature aptly form'd
For deeds unnatural, whom not the tones
Of Woman's voice e'er charm'd; and who can look
Upon the roses of her cheek, and turn
With brute indifference away; or meet
The lightning of her eye-glance, and retire
Unscath'd by its keen fires!

Avoid his path
As thou wouldst shun a serpent's. He that feels
No love for Woman has no pulse for thee—
For Friendship—or Affection! He is foe
To all the finer feelings of the soul,
And to sweet nature's holiest, tenderest ties
A heartless renegade!

THE DEAD.

Fair flowers in sweet succession should arise
Through the long, blooming year, above the grave;
Spring breezes will breathe gentlier o'er that turf,
And Summer glance with mildest, meekest beam
To cherish piety's dear offerings. There
Rich sounds of Autumn ever shall be heard—
Mysterious, solemn music, waked by winds
To hymn the closing year! And when the touch
Of sullen Winter blights the last, last gem
That bloomed around the tomb—O there should be
The polished and enduring laurel—there
The green and glittering ivy, and all plants—

All hues and forms delicious that adorn
The brumal reign, and often waken hopes
Refreshing. Let eternal verdure clothe
The silent fields where rest the honoured dead,
While mute Affliction comes, and lingers round
With slow, soft step, and pensive pause, and sigh
And tear, all holy.

WILVERLEY.

The king much doubting he had been abused resolved to try the truth himself. In order to which he comes to Exeter, and thence sends word to the duke (Orgar of Devon) where the fair Elphreda and her husband were; that he designed to be speedily with him, and hunt in his parks, or rather in the forest of Dartmoor, there near adjoining * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Struck with astonishment and admiration at first sight of the lady, the king was fully resolved to be quits with his perfidious favourite; yet dissembling his passion for the present, until the morning came, they went out a hunting, where carefully watching, he at length found an opportunity, and taking Ethelwold at an advantage slew him; *and at a place in Dartmoor Forest, called Wilverley, since Warlwood, the Earl was found slain.*

Prince's Worthies of Devon.

HERE traveller rest thee, for the sun is high,

And thou art old and weary. It is sweet

To find, at noon, a moorland bank like this,
To press its luxury of moss, and bid
The hours fleet by on burning wing. Awhile
Repose thou in the shade, this stunted tree
Grasp'd by the choaking ivy,—of his race
The last, has foliage yet enough to screen
Thine ardent brow; and, just below, a brook
Fresh from the ever-living spring, presents
Its purest chrystal to thy lip.

We have
No music of the groves, but now and then
The highland lark is heard amid the calm
Of the great desert, flinging wild a note
Upon the ear of morning, livelier far
('Tis said) and fresher than the voices sweet
Of birds that float in southern skies. But look,
Stranger, where westward sweep the mighty hills
Treeless, and almost verdureless, and lone
Each with a crown of granite on his head:—

Yet time has been when in the ocean gales
Fair wreaths of leafage waved around those scalps
So dark and naked now! The mountain grove
Has fallen—the mountain poetry has flown—
The wood-bird sings not on the hill; his home
Is in the bloomy and luxurious vale
Far off: and but for that dear minstrel, now
Seen, as a dark spot, on yon golden cloud,
And but for these enduring moorland streams,
(A blessing on their silvery voices) wide
And chilling were the silence! Hear'st thou not
The roll of rivers—distant,—the deep peal
Of the great cataract,—and those clear tones
Of the rejoicing rills that—nearer—flow,
Vocal for ever!

Bough and bush are gone—
The red-deer had no leaf to shade his head,
And he is vanished too. Yet even here,
Traveller, aye here, the misty morn has seen

The noble stag, arous'd from woodland haunts,
Burst through the deep, dark forest, sweeping swift
As his own highland tempest; while the shouts
Of nobles and of kings pursued him far
O'er the resounding moorland.

There was one,
Stranger, who lov'd the sylvan war, and came
Attended by a gallant train, as well
Befitted England's monarch, to awake
The upland echoes, and to launch his shaft
Upon the flying chase. But not the moor
Alone allur'd him;—hitherward he came
By passion led, by jealousy, revenge
Conceal'd, to seek a lady's bower, and prove
A minion's faith;—his, Traveller, who had stol'n
From his fond hopes, with well dissembled tale,
The beauty of the Tamar. * * * *
* * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *

Beautiful

The sun rose over Harewood,—beautiful
The Tamar sparkled in the glorious morn,
Swift journeying round his hundred, verdant capes.
Far, far away the matchless prospect swept
Unrival'd e'en in England;—sweetly rose
Songs of the grove, and hymnings of the sky,
The monarch saw not, heard not. On his eye
One image only floated—in his soul
One dread, dark purpose reign'd; and though a smile
Sat on his cheek, and words were on his lip
Of gracious import, fearfully he nurs'd
Thoughts of revenge, of blood! O, stranger, loud
In words, and quick in purpose, is the man
Hot temper'd, ever; but beware thou less
The slave of anger, fierce in high reproach,
And prompt in action, than the wretch who wears
A placid, smiling, unsuspected brow
Above a heart that meditates revenge,

And revels in the future ruin! Now
From Harewood swift the royal train rode on
And sought the forest depths. The clamorous horn
Loud rang on Dartmoor, and the red-deer fled
Fear-struck before them, while the grim, gaunt wolf
Heard the high tumult, and, aghast, sunk deep
In his rock-vaulted cave. But Edgar sought
A nobler victim than the trembling stag
Or wolf ferocious; and as faintly fell
The foremost hunter's music on his ear,
True to his one, dark purpose, stern he turn'd
On startled Athelwold; and at the foot
Of this most aged tree he rashly launch'd
The javelin to the favorite's heart!

The Oak

That cloth'd the hill's wild brow has pass'd away;
Grove after grove has fall'n; the wood-bird sings
In other fields; the moor is chang'd in hue
And aspect; sullenly it rests beneath

The sway of winter—sullenly beneath
The Spring-beam; time has thinn'd its peasant tribes;
Yet still the mountaineer, from age to age,
Points out the very spot where flow'd the blood
Of Athelwold, and in our desert fields
The Legend is undying.

*THE HOLIDAY.

I hope that I shall be pardoned for inserting here "The Holiday," from "Notes on Dartmoor." I do it rather reluctantly, at the pressing solicitation of a few friends. They observed that it might, at this time, be republished with advantage, as it would strikingly serve to shew, how a confined life, such as I have experienced so long, has, at last, been attended with the most distressing results.

It is a morn of June:—from east to west
The ships are steerless on the channel's breast;
And o'er the rocks that fringe isle, reef, and bay,
Light rolling now, the murm'ring surges play;

* No. 2.

In music breaking where of late the roar
Atlantic, burst around the groaning shore:
For Ocean here his billow flings on high,
If but the spring-breeze sportively pass by;
But lists to summer's breathings—wooed and won
By the warm kisses of the conq'ring sun.

It is a morn of June:—the gentle Spring
Has flown, but shook such freshness from her wing
O'er field and grove, that Summer's matron day
Wears thy rich virgin hues, delicious May;
And there are strains from bush, and brake, and bower,
Raptur'd as those which bless the vernal hour.
All earth is vocal; and the heavens reply—
A thousand voices wander through the sky;
For there the lark—the master minstrel sings,
And upward—upward soars on fearless wings;
Till earth recal him to her verdant breast,
And love direct the lyrist to his nest.

O, sweet is such a morn to him who loves
The heaven's clear song—the harmonies of groves;—
Who, bless'd by leisure, strays in woodlands green,
And wanders oft through all the breathing scene;—
'Mid leafy luxuries who takes his rest,
Or bathes his brow in breezes of the west;
On mountain, moorland, seeks Hygeian gales,
Or dwells with silence in the fragrant vales.
All lovely sounds are with him; lark and bee,
Linnet and thrush unite their melody;
And waterfall, and streams that down the hills
Melodious rush, and voices of the rills.
He, as he hears of birds the summer mirth,
And all the impassion'd poetry of earth,
Looks at the bright, blue dawn—a dawn like this,
Feels at each lightsome step increasing bliss;
And as he winds his flower-fring'd path along,
Delighted wakes his own full-hearted song.

What are *his* joys to *mine?* The groves are green,
And fair the flowers; and there are ever seen

By him the mountain's breast, the hills, the woods,
Grass-waving fields, and bright and wandering floods;
The lays of birds are ever on his ear,
Music and sylvan beauty crown his year;—
But if to *him* the rural reign have power
To fill with joy the swift-revolving hour,
What rapture must be *mine*, so seldom given,
To feel the beam and drink the gale of heaven!
For O! I love thee, Nature, and my eye
Has felt "the witchery of the soft, blue sky;"
Bear witness, glowing Summer, how I love
Thy green world here, thy azure arch above!
But seldom comes the hour that snaps my chain,
To me thou art all-beautiful in vain!
Bird, bee, and butterfly, are on the wing,
Songs shake the woods, and streams are murmuring;
But far from them—the world's unwilling slave,
My aching brow no genial breezes lave;
Few are the gladsome hours that come to cheer
With flowers and songs my dull, unvarying year:

Yet *when they come,* as now,—from loathed night
The bird upsprings to hail the welcome light
With soul less buoyant than I turn to thee,
Priz'd for thy absence, sylvan Liberty.

ON SEEING A LADY WEEPING FOR THE LOSS OF HER INFANT.

---

* I cull'd from home's beloved bowers,
To deck thy last long sleep
The brightest-hued, most fragrant flowers
That summer's dew may steep:—
The rose bud—emblem meet—was there,—
The violet blue, and jasmine fair,
That drooping seemed to weep:—
And now, I add this lowlier spell:—
Sweets to the passing sweet! Farewell!

ALARIC A. WATTS.

Who counts on all the foliage of the Spring?—
When did all blossoms live that bless'd the tree
With fragrance and with perfect beauty? Touch'd

* Poetical Sketches, 4th Edition.

By Eurus—by life-killing frost—by rains
Unkind—by the remorseless blight,—the hues
Delicious fade;—the ivory, and the gold,
The glorious purple, and the million shades
Delightful blending;—fruit and flower, and leaf
Struck in a moment, perish; and they fall
Lifeless and colourless, to strew the earth
With desolation!

Then, as in the bowers
Of Spring for ever stands insidious fate;—
As a foul taint spreads o'er the fairest rose;—
As dwells the worm in fruits of glorious hue
And form, till black decay is changed to death;—
As lightning flings its shaft upon the tree,
Making the beautiful a thing of dread,
And mute astonishment;—dear, Mary, cease
To mourn the inevitable doom that comes
In all, but, chief, unsparingly descends
Upon the human blossom!

Weep not thou
Thy cherub-boy, o'er whose angelic form
Came oft the breathing of disease. The pang
Is flown for ever from his anguish'd heart,—
The tear is wip'd for ever from his cheek,—
For infancy, like Spring, has far more showers
Than sun, and often weeps itself away!
Fix thou thy gaze, dear Mary, on those worlds
Where tears and sighs come not. Think thou on him
Who loves Earth's little ones, and gently leads
His infant flock to living streams, and now—
E'en now enfolds thy firstling in his arms,
Dear Mary,—think on him!

TO A FRIEND LEAVING ENGLAND.

Unfurl thy sail,
Thou wanderer, and drop thy anchor where
Thy restless wishes tend. The hills, the vales,
The bud, the leaf, the flowers, the streams, the lays
Of earth are all before thee. Wing'd by winds
Propitious to thy wish, pursue thy course
Around the wonder-teeming globe. To isles
Of brightness and of beauty where the bird,
In all the colours of the Iris clad,
Floats proudly in the blue, unclouded sky,
Impel thy bark o'er calm and glittering seas,
And in the burning Orient seek for climes

Fairer and happier than thy own; for joys
Extatic, balmy gales, and fruits that tempt
The thrilling touch—ambrosial food—and cups
High foaming with nectareous draughts that cheer
*"The heart of God and man." In bowers of bliss
While hues and forms voluptuous rise around
Thy couch, and music swells, and grateful winds
Breathe overpowering fragrance, spend the hour,
Thou restless one,—the soft luxurious hour;—
Yet, often, mid the burst of fierce delight,
Shall rush the dear remembrance of that isle—
That sweet, fresh, breezy nook of earth which lies
An Ocean's breadth beyond!

For in that isle,
Proud of his northern fields, majestic walks
Man,—high soul'd man, and, e'en at noon-tide strays
Beautiful, matchless woman. Let the gales

* Book of Judges.

Of Ind or Araby, from bowers of bliss
Waft overpowering odours,—from the meads
Of England, temperate sweets arise that soothe
The high-delighted sense. The laughing hours
With her lead on their most harmonious dance,
And the fair Seasons come—smile—vanish, all,
In mildest interchange. But not for thee
May plains that pine beneath the noon-tide blaze
Spread soft the fresh, unfading, flowery turf
Of thy unrivall'd Albion;—not for thee
Shall breathe that gale which gives to beauty's cheek
Its bloom—to life its pulse!

For in *that* isle
Volcano rains not, and beneath the foot
Lurks not the treacherous Earthquake! He that roams
In eastern realms, "at noon-day," and flings round
The black, and burning Pestilence, comes not
To blast the bowers of Britain. Her no sun

Rules with tyrannic sway,—the island rose
Unrivall'd, droops not in the fiercest hour
Of summer, and the island lark, untir'd
Floats in the beam of June, and pours a song
Of melody divine. O silent are
The birds which boast the hues of rainbows;—he
Is music all—and vigour!

Oft shall rise
In fancy on thy ear the welcome lay
Of the glad linnet, swelling blithely where
Thy cot bends o'er the ever-flowing stream,
And the fond robin, claims, at morn and eve,
His customary porch. But chief shall Night
Assert its mighty influence, and a tear
Shall tremble in thy eye, and forms shall wake
Well-known, and loved, and sounds shall float around
Familiar; and thy Home, by distance made
More lovely, shall in shadowy beauty rise
To taunt thy aching vision! Then away

And seek for pleasure where the dancing waves
Make music ever with their sunny shores,
And winds, all odour, softly breathe, and skies
Are cloudless; but where'er thy sail shall swell
A power mysterious o'er thy listless hours
Shall come;—the Local love, impetuous boy;—
The LOCAL LOVE shall find thee!

INSCRIPTION FOR A *COLUMN AT CORUNNA.

STRANGER! this column marks no common spot,
Here PORLIER perish'd. Mournfully it stands
Above the hero—victim of that king—
That thankless, sullen bigot whom his sword
Plac'd on a monk-encircled throne:—those monks,
Those all-destroying locusts of our globe,
Before whose progress earth, an Eden, blooms,
Behind whom frowns a wild,—detested race!
Beneath their influence Liberty expir'd,
And PORLIER perished!

* At the time this was written, the erection of a pile to the memory of Porlier was no improbable thing.

Stranger, pass not on
Till thou hast bless'd his memory. The sod
Where freedom's martyr lies,—a holy spot,
Her votary may kiss, and hallowed be
Their memories who perish in her cause
Rever'd and mourn'd for ever. Let the hand
Of Time resistless shiver from its base
This perishable pillar, and its tooth
This frail memorial gnaw; yet shall the tale
Of foul ingratitude, of laws outrag'd,
Of sacred institutions spurn'd, of blood
Shed by that miserable king, outlive
The sweep of after-ages; and old Time
Shall trumpet loudly forth his hated name—
A proverb, and a bye-word, and a mark
Fit for the finger of immortal scorn.

FUTURITY.

When shadowy twilight, hushing to repose
The world, recals the mind to solemn thought,
I love to seek the dark untrodden grove,
Where peace and meditation dwell of old;
And there as slowly rolls the voiceless hour,
To muse thy scenes, O, veil'd FUTURITY!
In those lone moments when the beamless night
Darkening a prostrate world, and shading deep
The many-colour'd hues that only live
In the gay sun-beam, sheds her pensive calm,
While lip-clos'd echo sleeps, what mystic thoughts
Flit cross the ponderer's shuddering mind as he
Through thy strange realms and vapoury bourne looks wild,
Murmuring his fancies to the passing breeze
That bears prophetic voices on its wings.

A MOORLAND STORM.

THE Ocean breeze is up that will not rest
Till it hath flung o'er hill and dale the cloud
From which the lightning leaps. Fair broke the morn
But as the gale pass'd by, I heard its voice
And shudder'd—for too well I know its tones
Of rising anger; hollowly it blew
And shrill, with fitful gust, and o'er the stream
It glided with a melancholy strain
Which came—at once—and as abruptly ceas'd,
Leaving a deathless stillness in the glen—
A moment. Then it dash'd upon the face

Of the affrighted river, and the waves
Roll'd to the startled shore, and all the woods
Shook in the sudden impulse.

Dark and dense
Sail now the enormous vapours through the sky
And some are sweeping the near hills. The Tor
That stands so boldly on the stormy van
Shrouds his magnificent head in folds of deep
And sulphurous gloom; and still the Atlantic sends
His hosts innumerable,—cloud on cloud
In terrible procession, flying wild
On the dark winds; and some are wreathing swift
The ancient mountains—piling mass on mass
Their magazines of wrath, that wait the touch
Of fate to burst in horror. Distant heard,
Mutters the thunder, and the moorland blast
Answers with mournful voice, and shakes the wood
Of the wild vale, while quick the river's face
Roughens to foam.

The deer is in his lair,
The hawk in his tall cliff;—that herald flash
Burn'd o'er the desert, and methought I heard
As of the fall of towers—a heavy sound—
The lightning in his dread career hath struck
The Tor of ages! Hark the deafning crash
Of the dread thunder, shaking e'en the rock
On which we stand, while every mountain cave
Rebellows through its dark abysses—pierc'd
By Man's voice never! More intensely burn
The fires of Heav'n around the blackened piles
Of the enduring granite; and the peal
Profound—near—horrible—with roar prolong'd—
Makes the old pyramids that crown the hill
Of the gray wilderness tremble!

THE VALE.

NARROW the entrance. Two misshapen rocks
Rush'd up on either hand, and overhung
Awhile the darken'd path, but all within
Lay in the golden sunshine. Soon were heard
The low, sweet music of a thousand rills
Crossing the sward luxuriant, and the rush
Of mightier streams was heard that, far off, leap'd
Into the echoing valley. Wider spread
The glen, and darker, higher, rose the cliffs,
And greener grew the beautiful, moist grass,
And brighter bloom'd the flowers—such flowers as love

A mountain home; and from the clefts the broom
Look'd out, and in the sun-shine smil'd the heath—
The bonny heath; and in that valley's breeze
Wav'd from the precipice the light-leav'd ash,
And here and there the aged, stunted oak
Lean'd o'er the crumbling brink. At once the war
Of rock and river burst upon the eye
And ear astonish'd. High above, the streams,
Fed from exhaustless founts, rush'd headlong on
Where, all uninjured, lay the mountain rocks
Magnificently strew'd; and broke the power
That broke in thunder through them; and upflung
Their sun-touch'd foam wreaths to the pleasant gale
That play'd around inconstant.

Broader now
The broken stream roll'd onward yet depriv'd
Of half its fierceness. By the opposing rocks
It swept, in beautiful motion, and the eye
Look'd on the bright confusion—look'd and beam'd

With pleasure, and a gentle calm diffused
Its influence o'er the spirit, as the tones
Most musical, through all the languid noon,
Rose of the broad, blue waters.

Pleasantly
Were interspers'd green islets,—loved retreats
Of birds that love the streams. The river flow'd
Darkly beneath the leafage—dark and calm
A moment—and again with voice, far heard,
Rush'd o'er its pure and glittering bed. The bank
Now rose precipitous, and from the brink
Broken into a thousand bays,—the trees
In strange association with the cliffs
Again upclimb'd the slopes. Rock, bush, and flower,
Were there in sweetest union. Hardy—old—
Stunted yet vigorous, the Oak outflung
His arms above the crag; his scalp was bare
And lifeless as that crag he shadow'd;—struck

By time or lightning—yet a living thing,
Still joying in the sunshine.

Midway yawn'd
A cavern, and bright bursting from its jaws
Into the day, a highland torrent flash'd
Upon the eye. Adown the wooded slopes
Leaping from steep to steep it came, and flung
Its music on the air of that wild place,—
Wild, yet most beautiful. A silver shower
Eternal drizzled there, and near it grew
The moisture-loving moss array'd in green
That rivall'd the clear emerald; and plants
Of freshest leaf, and flowers that fill their cups
With mountain dews, but wither in the beam
Of southern skies. One solitary bird
To the deep voices of that waterfall
Responsive sung—a *strange but lovely strain

* The Water Ouzel, *(Turdus cinctus.)*

Like the soft gurgling which the streamlets make
Sweet playing with the pebbles. Never, sound
Within that holy sanctuary rise
Ruder than that bird's heart-refreshing strains,—
Or voice of winds,—or the undying flow
Of the complaining waters.

THE POET.

His are all forms or beauteous or sublime
In heaven and earth;—the music of the winds,
All sounds delightful his! The plaintive brook—
The Ocean with its wonders—the great rocks
That overshadow it—the voiceful shores—
The cataract—the broad, majestic flood,
Are themes for his great soul! The rolling orbs
Divine, are his companions, and he strays
And communes with them through the musing night—
The pale, star-beaming night! This world to him
Is full of beauty, and in rapture oft,
As ever in his glorious works unveil'd,
He sees the great Creator; fill'd with joy
And gratitude intense, he bends the knee
In silent, soulfelt homage, and outpours
The full, deep hymn of praise.

TO CORNWALL.

*Land of the Logan, hail! O'er mountain brow
Adown the noiseless slopes—through shadowy vales—
By the lone, murmuring torrent—and above
The unsleeping billow where the giant cliff
Stands in his own, stupendous strength, I come,
A lover of thy wonderful and wild—
A wanderer on thy Ocean-shaken shores—

* Though these stupendous Logan rocks exist, in Devonshire, Derbyshire, Wales, &c. yet on account of their number, their size, and the extraordinary situations, in which they are found in Cornwall, I may be pardoned for addressing that province as the Land of the Logan.

To gaze awhile upon the countless forms
Which Nature in thine infinite of rocks
Displays. With reverence let me pause amid
Her all magnificent creations.—Hail,
Land of the Logan, and the Cromlech—hail!

See on yon height where, safe from age to age,
The bold, free, sea-bird builds his savage nest,
Has Nature with a skill mysterious pois'd
The mighty granite mass! The wild sea waves
Howl at the feet of the stupendous rocks
That—pile o'er pile—mighty and mightier still
As they ascend, sustain the self-hung sphere—
The eye, insatiate, gazes on the scene,
The foot remains impassive on the earth,
The soul feels all the grandeur and the power
Before it, and adores: while nought is heard
In the great calm, but voice of startled bird,
Or that most touching, melancholy tone,
Which Ocean in his mildest moment breathes
From rock to rock along the charmed shores.

Stern are thy castles mould'ring on the hill,
Stern in their grey, old age. Thy cliffs are strew'd
With mighty relics of the days gone by!
And as the winter winds sweep o'er them, oft
They fall with crash tremendous, startling far
The pensive western night. Thy shelter'd vales—
For thou too, lov'd Cornubia, hast thy fields
Of all surpassing beauty; bloom above
The mighty dead, and in thine ancient homes,
A stranger, and a wanderer, I love
To mourn o'er thy departed ones, and pace
Thy desolate and forsaken halls. How loud
Sounds the lone footfall through each silent dome!
Deep are the echoes that intrusion wakes,
A thousand solemn voices seem to start
From the grey walls, as if in stern reproof,
And yet e'en this, though Fancy rule the hour,
Is less oppressive than the freezing calm,
The silence, and the loneliness that drops
On these forsaken towers when voice nor sound

Awake not their sharp echoes. But their hour
Is come—the hand of pitiless Decay
Is on them, and the Ivy claims his own.

Man's noblest works must perish—but unhurt
The lichen'd cromlech proudly stands above
The warrior, and the cross is on the heath
The sacred **circle* in the vale;—the breeze
Is on the †*Tolmen,* and it totters not;—
Pillar, and monument, and graven rock
In all their mightiness remain; beheld
With wonder, and endued with power to brave
Haply, the wind, the lightning, the dread bolt
Of the high thunder, and the hand of Time,
Till Time himself shall perish!

* A Druidical circle of stones,—the circumference 25 feet. Some of these stones have fallen. There is considerable doubt with respect to the origin and intent of these stone circles, of which there are many examples in Cornwall.

† *Seven hundred and fifty tons* in one solid mass of stone, is a prodigious weight; and to place it on its side, resting only on two points in that poised position, required a degree of careful nicety, and commanding power, of which modern ages would be proud to boast.

Drew's Cornwall.

THE END.

W. EYERS, PRINTER, DEVONPORT.

LATELY PUBLISHED,

Price 7s. 6d.

THE BANKS OF TAMAR.

BY N. T. CARRINGTON.

CRITICAL OPINIONS IN FAVOUR OF THIS VOLUME.

To our minds the schoolmaster of Plymouth-Dock, retiring after the worse than manual labour of the day, to solace himself in his solitary study, with his books and his pen, is to the full as poetical a personage as the teacher of Ganderclengh. * * * The volume opens with a spirited invocation to Morning, which introduces a panegyric on our fickle climate, in spite of all its moisture and capriciousness, worthy of the poet who exclaimed

'England with all thy faults I love thee still.'

If our readers have not long ere this found out, that the banks of Tamar is a poem worthy of the beautiful stream it celebrates, we fear that no epithets we might use to characterize it, would instruct them. We are glad to notice a list of subscribers which testifies that the author is not wholly without honour in his own country, to which he certainly does honour; such a man deserves, however, a better fate. The passages we have extracted will bear a comparison with the best descriptive poetry in the language. We consider the volume as an interesting accession to our library.

Eclectic Review.

Of Mr. Carrington it may be honestly said—a concession that can be fairly made to but few of the host of versifiers who keep the press in constant operation—that he is a man of genuine poetic feeling. Descriptive poems in blank verse usually give us at first sight a raw uncomfortable sensation, a good deal like one feels at going reluctantly from a glowing "ingle nook" about some cheerless errand on a damp cold evening. There is so much of this sort of writing and so little that is good. For one "Deserted Village" or "Task" there are a score "Windsor Forests" and "English Gardens," as much inferior to these as the "Harti of Rapin" to the "Georgics of Virgil." We did not of course enter on Mr. Carrington's "Banks of Tamar" in the best of all possible dispositions for criticism, but a page or two sufficed to put us into a better temper, and by the time that we had made acquaintance with the general character of the volume, we were quite disposed to indite an "oration" and an "argument" for its contents. If traces of languor and negligence occasionalty present themselves, we feel no inclination to be fastidious, when we recollect that Mr. C. is engaged in the education of youth, and that he has meditated these interesting compositions amid the depressing fatigues of a laborious attention to the duties of his profession. He refers to this in his preface, not querulously, but in manly excuse for unavoidable defects. We infer from the way in which he speaks of his pursuits, that his circumstances do not allow him the leisure which his talents and industry would enable him so well to improve. We wish him ample encouragement in his meritorious efforts, by the extensive circulation of this attractive volume.

London Congregational Magazine.

For similar testimonies see the Oriental Herald, &c.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR,

Price 12*s*.

DARTMOOR:

A Descriptive Poem.

CRITICAL OPINIONS IN FAVOUR OF THIS WORK.

We have been exceedingly interested with the perusal of a poem lately published under the title "Dartmoor,"—not by one of the competitors whom Mrs. Hemans vanquished, but by Mr. Carrington, a Schoolmaster of Plymouth. We must say that there is much real poetry of feeling in his volume, and that his blank verse is, to our ear, about the best the time has produced. Witness the following lines, from an opening address to Spring, the skilful elegance of which will be as thoroughly appreciated on a second, as the true pathos of the sentiment will be on a first reading.

People made a mighty cry a few years ago about ————. We should wish to know why this Plymouth Schoolmaster, who has more talent about him than a dozen————put together, has not found any patron. It would give us high pleasure to think that we had been of any use in calling attention to Mr. Carrington.

Representative.

Hundreds of volumes of *mediocre* poetry, have, within the last few years been published, and some of the writers raised to a rank in the republic of letters, to which they were by no means entitled; while Mr. Carrington, a Schoolmaster of Plymouth, has sung the beauties of his native country unheeded and unknown: for even his poem of "The Banks of Tamar," though praised by the critics, failed in procuring him a patron to bring him into notice. The poem of "Dartmoor" is written in very excellent blank verse, and abounds in very striking descriptions. It displays much elegance and feeling and correct sentiment, and some of the passages possess great beauty. The following extract, descriptive of the scenery of his "loved Devonia," is a fine picture:—

* * * * * * *

This quotation is made almost at random, and many passages of equal beauty and spirit, might be found in the poem of "Dartmoor," which we hope will bring its admirable author into notice

Star.

Having read, and read with much gratification, the *Dartmoor* of Mr. Carrington, we regret that either his preceding poem has (amid the multiplicity of similar volumes) escaped our attention, or that we have no convenient opportunity for turning to it for a medium of comparison with the present production. But as we may speak, without other reference, most favourably of the work before us, we shall do ourselves a pleasure and the public a service, by bringing it at once under general notice.

Had *Dartmoor* appeared fifty years ago it would assuredly have acquired far more immediate and greater fame, and, probably, a far wider circulation than, in the later and existing states of poetical publication, it is likely to obtain. And this is to be lamented for the sake of the author; because, if we are correctly informed, he fills a place in life to which the product of a successful book could not fail to be acceptable: he is a schoolmaster in De-

vonport, to the laborious duties of which station, are superadded the cares of a numerous family of children. To the compositions of such a man it would be no stretch of critical candour to extend a large measure of indulgence, but Mr. Carrington needs it not; and we mention the circumstances not as an apology for his Muse, but in order to awaken the interests and excite the sympathies of the friends of struggling genius for a case of no common occurrence, whether we look at the condition of the individual, or at the beauties of his performance.

Having taken Thomson (chiefly) as his model, Mr. Carrington has directed his thoughts to flow in the full and natural tide of descriptive verse. The stream is smooth, ample, and gently swelling, like a fine river whose course is through a champaign country; not turbulent, brawling, broken by rocks and cataracts, like most of the poetry of the century in which we live. It may not, therefore, strike so much at first sight; but its tranquil graces are not less calculated to improve on longer intimacy, to fill the breast with pleasing emotions, and to roll on to as distant a shore of that oblivious land where, at last, all the efforts of human ingenuity are lost and forgotten.

We have said that the *Seasons* are Mr. Carrington's model, and in fact we are of opinion that he has occasionally copied too closely. * * * * But we trust we are not misunderstood to accuse the bard of Devon of servility in the quotation we have just made; we only cite it to shew the school of which he is not an unworthy disciple. His subject has necessarily rendered his descriptions more local than those of his delightful prototype; in the midst of these localities, however there are a multitude of natural touches which belong to all scenes and to every period.

* * * * * * * *

We forbear from trespassing further on the the reader with other extracts, on remarks on this poem. We shall only add, that it reflects much honour or the author, of whose talents his native place has just reason to be proud; and to express again our hope that it will recommend him to the regards not only of his near compatriots, but of the British people at large.

Literary Gazette.

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If merit can insure success, the author of Dartmoor need be under no apprehensions respecting the speedy sale of all that remains of his first edition; and the eligibility of a second with alterations will be best arranged with a publisher. No further expense of plates is necessary; the poem itself has beauty enough to lead the writer to comfort, as soon as it is generally known; to which result we are happy in having contributed.

Literary Gazette.

There are several reasons why we should deviate from our usual practice, and devote a few pages to a review of this very interesting volume. In the first place, the poem, which constitutes its leading feature, is one of the most successful productions of the class to which it belongs, that we have met with for many years; and in the next, its author, although a man of first rate genius is labouring under the *res augusta domi*, and consequently possesses unusually strong claims on the attention of every genuine lover of literature. Beautiful as are the sketches before us, and a large portion of them are entitled to rank with the best descriptive poetry of Thomson and Akenside, they are, as the amiable and enlightened gentlemen who has supplied the preface and notes justly observes, rendered still more interesting by the knowledge of the adverse circumstances under which all Mr. Carrington's writings have been composed. Employed from the morning

till night in a painful and laborious vocation, (that of a Schoolmaster) with a numerous family to support upon a very scanty income, and that income materially diminished by the present mania for classical subscription schools, Mr. C. has yet found leisure to exercise his poetic genius, and to manifest the unconquerable energies of his mind. Most earnestly do we pray, with his excellent editor, that the present laudable effort may rise up for him and his family some more influential patron than it has ever been his lot, as yet, to conciliate. In his former poem, the Banks of the Tamar, Mr. Carrington introduces himself to his readers as the endurer of a fate still more severe than that of his brother Teacher, of Gandercleugh; for he, after plying the task of public instruction throughout the weary day, could relieve his shattered nerves and aching head by a solitary walk in the cool of the evening on the banks of a winding stream; whereas the poet of Dartmoor tells us that *his* labours have seldom been relinquished till the close of our longest summer evenings, when he has been uniformly driven by business connected with his arduous profession, and by literary cares, to his solitary study, where, depressed by the previous fatigues of the day, he has occasionally indulged poetical composition. These are simple and affecting facts, and no one with the slightest pretensions to poetical taste, who peruses the results of these snatches of 'solitary joy,' can choose but feel as much sympathy for the man, as admiration for the poet The earliest efforts of Mr. Carrington's muse which we remember to have seen, were some beautiful little pieces in the Literary Gazette. Since then, however, he has published the Banks of Tamar; and he now appears before us as the author of as spirited a poem as modern times can boast of. A few years since, the Royal Society of Literature offered fifty guineas for a poetical effusion on Dartmoor; which sum was justly awarded to Mrs. Hemans for her vigorous and beautiful lines on the subject Mr. Carrington's poem is not, however, one of those rejected on that occasion, but was written at the suggestion of the gentleman who contributed the preface and notes. If the Royal Society of Literature have any patronage to bestow, we trust it will remember this truly deserving author. It is but of little service to literature in general, to settle liberal stipends upon persons who really stand in no need of such assistance, whilst men of sterling genius, whom adverse circumstances have weighed down, almost to the grave, are denied the most trivial gratuity. If the society wishes to shew that it is likely to be of real use to the Republic of Letters it has now an admirable opportunity for the display of its liberality and discernment.

Literary Magnet.

The work before us is as much superior in merit to the general mass of poetical effusion which issue from the press, as its exterior appearance surpasses them in elegance.

In this poem, vigorous thought, lively description, and faithful delineation true to nature, are among its distinguishing characteristics. The versification is harmonious, always muscular, sometimes swelling with innate energy, and occasionally bursting into strains of sublimity.

From this poem the town of Devonport has derived an honour which its wealthy inhabitants will know how to appreciate. They will not forget the fate of Burns, who, when living, through the united influence of Scotland, was exalted to a low situation in the excise, and, since dead, has had splendid monuments erected to his memory; nor will they omit to bear in mind the destiny of Butler, who asked in vain for bread, and was rewarded with a stone.

But although we thus speak of the author, his work solicits not the hand of charity. It is neatly and correctly printed, possesses a strong and vigorous constitution, and bears on many of its paragraphs the indelible

mark of immortality. Among the poetical compositions of modern days it will hold a conspicuous rank; and if its sale bear any proportion to its merit, Mr. Carrington will have no occasion to owe that to a patron which Providence has enabled him to do for himself.

Imperial Magazine.

Prolific as the present age is, in poetical productions, we have seldom met with a poem that pleased us so much, or that possesses so much merit as Mr. Carrington's Dartmoor. The author is, we understand, a Schoolmaster at Plymouth, and though his talents are universally admired, and he is much esteemed by all who know him, yet fortune frowns on him: and in an age which is called Augustan, he is left unpatronized and in obscurity. * * * Such a man, we think, has a very strong claim on the notice of the Royal Society of Literature, and, we trust, that one of the pensions of one hundred guineas a year, will be awarded to this deserving author; for, in such a case, it would be both an act of kindness and of justice.

Mr. Carrington is a great admirer of nature, with a fine perception of her beauties, which he describes with much truth and pathos; and, indeed, without provoking a comparison, which may prove unfavourable to him, we do not hesitate to say, that he reminds us more frequently of Thomson than any poet we have met with.

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For vigour of style, elegance of diction, and beauty of sentiment, the poem of Dartmoor will hold a very high rank in English poetry; some passages have all the sublimity of the mountain scenery he describes, while the smoothness of the versification may be compared to the most tranquil of "Devonia's fairest rivers."

Literary Chronicle.

In giving a second notice of this volume, it was our intention to confine ourselves to the introduction and the notes; but the poem itself possesses so much real beauty, that we are tempted to give another extract or two:—

* * * * * * * *

We now take our leave of this charming volume, and trust that we shall, ere long, not only have to announce its reaching a second, or even a third edition, but that its author has received the reward due to his talents. The more his poem is read, the more it will be admired, as it surpasses in nature, beauty, and sublimity, any production we have seen for some time.

Literary Chronicle.

We should hope that few of our readers will have forgotten the extracts we gave from Mr. Carrington's former poem, (The Banks of Tamar,) even if they have not done him the justice of purchasing the volume. Six years have elapsed since that unpretending little publication crept forth into daylight from a provincial press; (it was three years in finding its way to us;) we rejoice to find that in the interval the Author has not been idle, and that the applause which was bestowed on his first production has given him breath, for a louder and a longer strain.

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Every reader of genuine taste will recognise in this exquisite sketch (Pages 81, 2, 3, 4, 5,) a study from nature. The rock reflected in the lake—the millenarian Oak—the hawk soaring over the waterfall—the evening sun darting its thwart beams through the old woods below—all are pourtrayed with a distinctness, which almost rivals the pencil; and the composition and grouping are such as Turner would have chosen. Yet the description has nothing of that stiff artificial character which is observable in some of Leigh Hunt's

finest passages, which seem translated from pictures, rather than painted from nature. We have sometimes fancied, that we could detect in an elaborate passage, plagiarisms of this kind from Claude and Poussin. But after all, the artist and poet do not look at nature with the same eyes, and some of the most picturesque touches in descriptive verse, are such as cannot be expressed on the canvas. The 'verdant billows' 'sunny luxury of grass'; 'the harebell of deeper blue, than e'en the blue of ocean,' the 'all-voluptuous air,' the 'startling rush of crimson spotted trout'—call up ideas strictly picturesque though they cannot be embodied in picture. The laws of perspective will not admit of the combination of the grand and the minute which Poetry admits of. The scale cannot, in a painting, be shifted at pleasure from the breadth of landscape to the miniature portrait of a flower, nor would the idea of retirement be expressed to the eye by any positive representation of stillness so effectively as it is conveyed to the feelings by those few words:

——'let the worldling rest
In his own noisy world—far off.

What we think and feel with regard to Mr. Carrington's present production our readers will be at no loss to infer from the remarks which it has suggested, and how far it deserves the high opinion we entertain of its merits, the above extracts will enable them to determine. The genuine love of nature, the poetical fancy and feeling and the simplicity of character, which are displayed in this poem, will recommend it to every reader of taste. As a topographical work, the volume, as we have already remarked, is an acquisition, and has considerable merit. Sylvanus Urban will revel in the notes, while every true Devonian must take a pride in having the Moor, which has been regarded as almost a blot upon Devonshire, thus rescued from disgrace and brought under poetical cultivation. We notice with sincere pleasure the splendid list of subscribers to Mr. Carrington's volume, at the head of which is the KING. Surely such a man will not be suffered to end his days in the hard drudgery of a school. Yet, infinitely better is it that he should be a schoolmaster, than, like poor Burns, an exciseman.

Eclectic Review.

Here are some very agreeable lines but modelled from beginning to end, unluckily on the versification of Thomson's Seasons, with a touch occasionally of Cowper, we say unluckily because the well known turns and cadences, perpetually stirring our recollections, will deprive the writer of much of the credit very justly his due. It is not want of native feeling, nor lack of power, nor penury of language, that has driven him to so constant an imitation. Through the whole poem, it is plainly his own soul that prompts, but he borrows another's tongue to give its promptings utterance. With a little more tact—not to say cunning—he would studiously have shunned and not thus confidingly have adopted a phraseology, so indelibly mixed with our earliest poetical remembrances. The scene of his poetry is the spot and sojourn of his childhood, of all his first and most familiar associations; and he still loves to range over it wilds, and recall and indulge his most endearing enjoyments, Dartmoor is the whole world to him. It has an importance that fills his thoughts, and almost his wishes, and which he labours to communicate in the full glow of genuine feeling. To the passing observer Dartmoor is mere heath and rock and bog, and one point as undistinguishable and as uninteresting as another; but the poet has trodden every foot of it, and marks every angle and every aspect of its varying surface. He has peopled every spot with abiding recollections; every brook and every tree, has its distinct existence; every babbling rill its own music; every rock its own echo; every oak its own foliage; every breeze its own swell; and every harebell its own celestial blue;—and he has an eye and an ear to catch

and mark them all. To describe a specimen of these things, gives no relief to the intensity of his sensations—he has a thousand shades of discrimination, and no record exhausts the delicate distinctions of his long and intimate observation. And hence at the first glance he will seem to be frequently repeating himself, where his own fancy presented strong lines of difference and which a further perusal would readily enable ourselves to detect.

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The opening address to Devonshire has something very sweet and gentle in it :—

Thou hast a cloud, &c. Page 1.

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There is a genuine warmth in the description of a summer's morning.

How beautiful is morning, though it rise, &c. Page 31.

* * * * *

SUNSET;—we know not where this is surpassed.

The zenith spreads,
Its canopy of sapphire, &c. Pages 86, 7, 8, 9.

Monthly Magazine.

(THE LITERARY COTERIE.)

Reginald. Dartmoor is an admirable poem, Carrington, the author, is a Schoolmaster, not very well endowed, I believe, with this world's goods, who resides at Devonport. I wish most heartily this work may be the means of making him better known.

Mr Apathy. I have read *Dartmoor*, and have been delighted with the many exquisite touches with which it abounds. It is certainly one of the best descriptive poems in the English Language.

Reginald. It often reminds me of Thomson, not that remembrance which arises from perusing the servile imitation of some vile poetaster, but that which the similarity of thoughts and feelings between two great geniuses often excites.

Mr. Apathy. I think I can recal to my recollection one passage—an Invocation to Spring :—

* * * * * * * * *

Reginald. I recollect that passage; and the poem abounds with equally fine ones.

Ackermann's Repository of Arts, &c.

Mr. Carrington is already favourably known to the public as a genuine son of the muse, by his beautiful poem "The Banks of Tamar"——— Dartmoor is not a poem of mere local interest; every general reader, who is an admirer of real poetic excellence, will derive gratification from the truth and nature which are visible in Mr. Carrington's descriptions, and the rich vein of pathos in which he loves to indulge in his verse.

St. James's Royal Magazine.

This poem, the production of a Schoolmaster residing at Devonport, in Devonshire, is one of the most beautiful specimens of descriptive verse we ever remember to have met with. Merit like that of the author of these pages, however it may be obscured by factitious circumstances, must soon find its way into light and popularity, and that patronage which is so strangely withheld from Mr. C. in the neighbourhood in which he resides, (and what man is considered a prophet in his own country?) must eventually be conceded to him by the full applause of the best, most enlightened, and most impartial of all tribunals—that of the public at large; for his productions require only to be known, to be appreciated.

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The language is throughout extremely classical and elegant, and evidences a deeper tone of feeling, and a keener perception of natural beauty, than belongs to modern descriptive poetry in general.

Manchester Courier.—Edited by Alaric A. Watts, Esq.

We should have but an indifferent opinion of the critical taste of those lovers of descriptive poetry, for example, who could bend with seeming rapture, over the "Seasons" of Thomson, and yet refuse a considerable portion, at least of similar admiration to Mr. Carrington's "Dartmoor." Such being the case, our sympathies with the author came into proper play. Though, where merit is not, they cannot justify literary patronage, they are, or ought to be powerful auxiliaries where that merit really is.

* * * * * *

We have alluded already to the poetry of Thomson; and there can be no doubt that the "Seasons" has been a favourite study with our author; but, though there are passages in which we are occasionally reminded of the manner of that precedent writer, yet we cannot set Mr. C. down, even in point of style much less in matter and sentiment, among the tribe of imitators. Occasionally, also, we have something like a glimpse of the rythmic vein of Cowper: neither the subject, nor the taste of the author seems to have led him to the higher harmonies of Milton. But, upon the whole, he may be said to have a style of his own; and if Thomson could be admitted to have furnished the model of his versification, we should not scruple to say that the structure of his verse was an improvement upon the model. His pauses are more varied, and his verses do not run so frequently into blank couplets and triplets. His rythmus has also the genuine merit of seeming to flow from the character of the thought, instead of having any portion of that chilling and constrained appearance, which never fails to result from the mechanical affectation, of moulding the thought to the pre-conceived model of the versification We dwell so much the more on this particular merit, because it is one which we never yet discovered in any writer who had not poetical merits of a higher order: it is one that can never flow but from a genuine poetic feeling.

To prove that Mr. C. possesses a considerable portion of this feeling, it would be but necessary to open his poem at almost any page, and quote the first passage of convenient length that presented itself. We would select, for that purpose, the address to Spring (pp. 5 and 6) but that we have been already anticipated in that passage. We turn therefore, to another, the subject of which is sufficiently unpromising—the Rail Road, projected across the moor by Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt, page 13.

* * * * * *

It will not be disputed, we think, that this passage is in that true spirit of poetry, which can contemplate even the triumphs of science and the works of art with the deep feeling of nature—that can look upon, and admire the progress of civilization, without losing sight of the vast and wild sublime which it is traversing and subduing. Here are no displays of mechanical technicalities—no parade of scientific terms, or jargon from the workshop, or the forge;—no admeasurements of lengths or breadths, nor engineering calculations, or apparatus:—the triumphs of art are alluded to only by the prospective of effects; the imagery is all drawn from inartificial objects; and desert and mountain rock—the dreary waste and mighty tor, are still left in their primœval awfulness, impressed upon the imagination, as they rose from chaos and commotion in the wreck and renovation of worlds, and bore the brunt of ages. Nor are graphic personifications, or elaborate allegories decked out in pomp of words to give factitious grandeur to the theme.

* * * * *Panoramic Miscellany.*

Mr. Carrington is a Schoolmaster of Devonport. His laborious profession, unfortunately too little respected in this country, and seldom either pleasurable or lucrative, usurps unavoidably the greatest portion of his time, and shuts him out equally from company, and from elegant study. However, besides the reputation his poetical talents have procured him, he enjoys in his native town the much higher reputation of virtue and integrity.

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It is an honour to Mr. Carrington that he has chosen to tread in the footsteps of so great a master (Thomson); not servilely, but from kindred sentiments and feelings. He is the Thomson of Devonshire.

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Dartmoor is a barren subject. But however hopeless it may be in an agricultural point of view, and we are inclined after all to fear that it will never be celebrated for fertility, we can assure our readers that Mr. Carrington's pen has reaped a harvest of poetry on its barren ridges.

* * * * * * * * * *

Perhaps the reader may remember Anacreon's beautiful fancy on the origin of the rose:—

Μακάρων Θεῶν δ' ὁμιλος
Ῥόδον ὡς γένοιτο, νέκταρ
Επιτέγξας ἀνέτειλεν
Ἀγέρωγον ἐξ ἀκάνθης
Φυτον ἅμ βροτον Αναίου
Ωδηνγ'

The following thought from Dartmoor is hardly less beautiful:—

And in the pleasant grass
That smiles around, fair waving in the breeze,
Delicious hues are seen, innumerous;
As if the rain-drops of the fresh wild Spring
Had blossomed where they fell. Page 80.

The etchings, by Mr. Rogers of Plymouth, which adorn the volume, are many of them very beautiful, particularly Meavy Vale, and Widdicombe Church. On the whole, we can truly say that we have derived very high gratification from the perusal of "Dartmoor" and trust it will meet with that favourable reception which its general merits appear to us richly to deserve.

Oriental Herald.

In this handsome volume we are presented with three-fold attractions. Besides the poem which may vie with the descriptive sketches of the immortal author of the Seasons, we have some highly valuable historical, and illustrative matter, contained in the Preface and notes written by Mr. Burt, Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, Plymouth; and some beautiful views of the scenery, drawn and etched by P. H Rogers, Esq. of Plymouth.

In accordance with our usual custom, we should have noticed in the first place, the historical and topographical part of this volume; but opening it at the commencement of the poem, we were so pleased with the melody and grandeur of the verse as to be led imperceptibly from sweet to sweet, and flower to flower, till we had possessed ourselves of all its beauties. Mr. Carrington displays no poverty of imagination as he draws to a close, but finishes in increased strength and beauty, with a very appropriate description of the close of day; indeed this is the most successful part of the poem.

* * * * * * * *

We have presented specimens sufficient to display the beauties of Mr. Carrington's muse, and had it not been for the adverse circumstances mentioned in the earlier part of this notice the powerful energies of his mind would probably have soared above all contemporary writers in the class to which this production belongs.

Of the plates we shall only say, they are executed in a superior style of bold etching, and are highly illustrative.

Gentleman's Magazine.

Since we had the gratification of paying our meed of praise to the first edition of this production of the well deserving muse of Mr. Carrington, we have had occasion to call the attention of the admirers of song to those sublime and vivid lines which accompanied the "Martyr Student," (Kirke White we presume) in Dagley's "Death's Doings." These, which alone will entitle the author to hold a place in the public estimation as high as any other living poet, were quoted in vol. XCVI. ii. p. 437. and they are sure to inspire those who may not have perused his larger works with a desire of becoming more intimately acquainted with one who possesses the power of delineating his characters in so superior a manner.

Gentleman's Magazine, Second Notice, March 1827.

We verily believe that between the poet and his commentator, there is scarcely a rock, or a flower, or even a blade of grass within the wild precincts of Dartmoor which has been left uncelebrated.

The subject, though by no means an alluring one, seems to have been taken up with enthusiasm by Mr. Carrington, and it certainly comes out of his hands in a much more interesting and animated form than we could have expected. He takes his reader with him on a fine summer's holiday over Dartmoor, describing as he goes along the savage, fantastic, yet engaging peculiarities of that desolate scene. In addition to the accuracy of his local knowledge, he intervenes in his sketches, several interesting episodes, and poetic images of no mean order. His blank verse is generally harmonious, without touching the extremes of feebleness on one side, or of affected energy on the other; and very frequently we meet with passages which seem polished with peculiar care, and are distinguished for chaste, classical, and even eloquent expression.

Monthly Review.

For equally favourable notices see the Glasgow Courier, Edinburgh and Leith Observer, Sheffield Mercury, Carlisle Patriot, &c.

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